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THE
TWENTY-THIRD LETTER OF THE ALPHABET.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Over *wisdom* I rule, with a sceptre supreme,
I waken the *warrior*, when *war* is his theme,
Haste on with the *wine*, to enliven the bowl,
Break forth in the *wit* that enlivens the soul;
With the rainbow I linger, with *whirlwinds* I blend,
Distil not in rain, but in *snow*-flakes descend;
With the *weak* I am strong, and am silent in *wrath*,
*W*alk in *ways* of the *wicked*, yet not in their path;
I am first in a *wife*, o'er a *woman* I reign,
With the *wretched* I mingle, but never complain;
I *woo*, and I *wed*, yet from Hymen I fly—
Am the leader in *woe*, and with *sorrow* must sigh;
There's no *water* without me, yet ne'er was I found
In river or lake, or where fountains abound;
Throughout the *wide world* I solicit the view,
Yet am not myself, but a compound of *U.*
Hartford, July 16th, 1857.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;
OR,
THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOTTERY OF DEATH.

Jack Wallace caught the poor boy in his arms and placed him upon the thwart behind him, at the same time telling him to have no fear. Then he turned to his companions, and said, in a tone of much power, though not one of them could speak above a hoarse, rumbling whisper,—

"No, no, boys,—ye wouldn't do that!"

"Why not?" asked Simonds, who, it will be remembered, was a huge fellow, dark and selfish. "We can't live without food. We must have it. We *will* have it!"

"Aye—*we will!*" echoed three others.

"Why should all die when the life of one may save the rest? We won't die! And yet how can we live so? I'm all on fire! I'm burnin' up! I'm dyin'!—I'm dyin'! Oho! would ye have us all die just to save yer boy? No! We're on the last tack! We must have somethin'! Oh! blood! blood! blood!—Death and fury! would ye starve us all when the boy can save us?"

Jack saw that the men were mad, but he hoped yet to turn them from their plan. He knew that some one must die—he feared so, at least,—for when men reach such a point, the reason is gone; and man without reason at once becomes the most merciless of brutes.

"Say, boys," he urged, "ye wouldn't be such cowards as to take the boy without givin' him a chance with the rest. He's got a whole life afore him, while you and I have lived out a good part of ourn. No, no,—if ye must have blood, let's draw lots for it. If ye must some live by the death of another, ye'll at least be honorable about it. Who did more'n this boy to save the ship? Who's stood his watch more regular, or done his duty more truly here? I know ye won't be all cowards!"

"That's right.—That's the true doctrine," said Teddy.

"Very well," returned Barbour. "If that's the way, let's be at it quick."

And still Jack feared for the boy. A strange presentiment was upon him that the fatal lot would fall to Bion. Yet he could not stay the mad desires of dying men. He saw the fire in their glaring eye-balls, and he read their thirst for blood in the firm clenching of the teeth and hands. Suddenly his countenance brightened up. The boy should be saved! If the lot fell to the little hero, he—*he*—would die himself!

"Come!" gasped Rolfe. "Death 'll be here afore ye move. Let's have the lots."

"How shall it be done?" asked Jack.

"Look:" suggested Nat. "Let Bion go for'rd, and fix 'em himself, and then we'll each draw."

This was pondered upon until its fairness was apparent, and then all agreed to it.

Accordingly Bion took the Navigator—a large book—and a piece of blank white paper, and then went forward, where he cut eight slips—seven of them being about six inches in length, and the eighth only three. He then placed them in the book, with an inch of the ends projecting, and returned to his seat in the stern-sheets.

"No man shall touch two pieces," said Nat. Anderson.

"Of course not," added Jack. "The piece first touched must be drawn."

"Who shall draw first?"

"Let the boy call over the names."

That was agreed to. So Bion placed the book upon his knees, and then gazed around upon the men before him. His eye rested upon Jack, and the thought struck him that the man who picked first would have the most to select from, and thus seemingly gain by it. Of course it was natural that it should appear so to the boy, though in reality there was, and could be, no such advantage. He would have called Jack's name first, but the old sailor saw it, and quickly uttered,—

"Call the rest first!"

Bion then turned, and in a tremulous, fainting tone, called,—"SIMONDS!"

JACK WALLACE ASTONISHING THE OLD JEW ROBBER.

Simonds reached forth his hand—it stopped over the book and trembled—then a slip was seized and drawn forth.

"Is't a short one?" he gasped.

"No!" returned the boy.

The stout man breathed less quickly, and moved back.

"AARON ROLFE!"

The second man reached forward, but he did not hesitate. He was mad, and thirsting. He drew forth a paper—cast a quick glance at its length—then looked at the slip which Simonds had drawn. His was of the same length! He was not to die!

"PETER BARBOUR!"

The large fellow trembled like an aspen. He put forth his hand, and gazed nervously upon the six remaining slips.

"Come!" growled Rolfe, furiously, "don't be all day at it!"

The trembling man seized a slip, and with a convulsive movement drew it forth. It was a long one!

Next came Nat Anderson. He moved slowly, but he did not stop. He drew his lot—and he was safe!

"Quick's the word!" cried Teddy, as he started forward at the call of his name. And he, too, was safe!

Heany drew next, and his paper was of the same length with the others.

Only two slips were left! And only Jack and Bion to draw!

"Let 'em be!" whispered the old man, choking with emotion. "I'll die!"

"And leave your poor old mother?" returned Bion.

"I'll die!"

"Draw!" pronounced the boy, extending the book towards his guardian and friend. "Either draw, or let me die! Oh, Jack—my dear, good friend—let me be the one! You have a poor old mother waiting for you to come home. Say you'll let me die!"

"No, no,—I'll draw!"

Jack raised his hand over the two slips, and there it rested for some moments.

"Hurry!" hoarsely howled Simonds.

"You'll have blood soon enough—never fear!" returned Jack. Then he gazed upon the papers. He finally seized one, and drew it slowly and carefully out. It came up—up—up—too long—too long for the fatal lot.

"Not that one!" he uttered, as he saw that he had already drawn out enough to match the others into half an inch.

"It's yours!" cried the boy, at the same time snatching the book away, and leaving a long slip in his friend's hand. "*Here's the short one!*" he added, drawing forth the single remaining slip, which was not over half the length of the others.

"Now that's settled," said Simonds, at the same time rising from his seat. "Come, boy!"

"*No! no! no!*" shrieked Jack, starting to his feet, and pushing Bion behind him. "Ye shan't harm a hair of his head. Wait!—O, wait! Wait till noon!"

"Why wait!" growled the stout, mad man. "Would ye have us all die? By the hosts of darkness, ye've had yer own way, and ye should be satisfied. What say ye, boys? Are ye goin' to be fooled by Jack Wallace any more?"

"No!" gasped Rolfe. "Bring the boy here! I'm dyin' now! Bring him on, I say!"

Since Bion had put down the book he had been at the helm, having taken it when Jack pushed him back. The wind had been freshening since morning, and was now blowing a good stiff breeze, and almost dead aft at that, so that the boat was flying on at a good speed.

"Hold on one minute!" begged Jack. "Let the boy say his prayers."

"Bah!" yelled Simonds, drawing his knife, and starting towards the stern-sheets. "While he's a prayin' the rest 'll die! No more o' yer nonsense. Come, my boy!"

"I'll die!" exclaimed Wallace, reaching forth his hand to keep Bion in his seat.

But the boy had made up his mind. He had uttered his prayer, and had asked God to take him to his mother.

"Let me say one word to Jack," he said, placing his hand in his bosom, and drawing the golden locket half out. "I will be but a single moment."

When the boy arose he, of course, let go the tiller, and in the fearful excitement of the moment no one else thought of taking it. The consequence was, the boat yawed widely—the wind caught the mainsail upon the other side, and as the heavy boom came sweeping over, it struck Bill Simonds in the back, and carried him overboard! In an instant Bion sprang back and pushed the helm hard down, and as the boat came up he sang out for some one to haul in the sheets.

Anderson quickly hauled in the main sheet, and Teddy McGrath hauled in forward. Simonds was struggling in the water on the beam, and his position was such that he could not be reached at once. As the boat had been directly before the wind when he fell overboard, he had, of course, been left "in the wind's eye," and consequently he could only be reached by tacking.

But the poor fellow was too weak to hold himself up, and before they could reach him, he sank to rise no more alive.

The poor boy found it hard to relinquish his life now. This strangely granted respite had broken down the former resolution, and the drowning of Simonds had struck a new dread of death to his soul. He arose to his feet—he was about to ask them to wait until noon—when something directly in the wake of the sun caught his eye.

"*Sail, ho!*" he shouted, with all his power; and then, entirely overcome, he sank down, and was caught by Jack.

The men gazed off in the direction Bion had pointed out, and saw a vessel coming swiftly down upon them. Her being right between them and the sun had prevented them from seeing her before. She was a small craft, with three leg-of-mutton sails, and was standing directly towards the boat.

The sea-wanderers put their frail craft to the wind, and then seized whatever they could lay their hands upon for distress signals. The vessel came down—she passed the boat—and ere long Jack Wallace had a line in his hand from her deck. He hastened forward and made it fast to the painter, and then sank down. He had no power to haul in upon the line—he could only wave his hand to the strangers, and then point to where he had made fast. They understood him, for the line was at once hauled in, and in a few moments the boat was alongside.

One by one, the exhausted, haggard men crawled up over the vessel's side, until they were all aboard.

"*Water! water!*" yelled Rolfe, placing his hands to his mouth. And others called for water, too.

The strangers understood. The vessel was manned by Portuguese, and was bound from the Isle of Bourbon to Tamatave, on the coast of Madagascar. They understood the call for water, and the sufferers were at once conducted to where a large cask was lashed to the rail with a small metal pump in the bung-hole. Rolfe seized the large wooden kid that stood by, and filled it to the brim; and then, with maddened movements, he raised it to his lips,—nor did he remove it until the last drop of water was gone!

Another dish was brought, and as Heany filled the kid and moved back, Barbour pumped some into the second vessel. Jack warned them not to drink too much; but they heeded him not. Like crazy men, as they were, they poured the water down without even stopping for breath, and the Portuguese did not interfere. They had seen that there were some valuable articles in the boat, and they probably thought if the Americans killed themselves with water, it would be for their advantage.

Jack Wallace drew Bion away, and sought the captain of the vessel. The old sailor could speak a little Spanish, and thus he was able to make himself understood. He asked for a little wine, at the same time offering to pay for it in things from the boat. Bion whispered to Jack that he had some money.

"—sh! Don't let these chaps know it," uttered Jack; "they'll have all we've got in the boat, at any rate; and if they find we have money, they'll have that, too."

The captain led Jack and the boy into a low, dirty place, which he called his cabin, and from a large willow basket he produced a black, square bottle, and a japanned drinking-cup. The wine was pure and good, but Jack thought it best to mix a little water with it. He did so, and then made Bion sip some of it.

"I understand this thing," he said, as the boy raised the cup to his lips. "Better drink a little at first. Ah, the others would 'a' been wise if they'd 'a' listened. But they wouldn't. O—ye may drink a little more—there—that'll do for now."

Jack then applied the cup to his own lips, and ere long both he and Bion were much strengthened and invigorated. Food was produced, and at the end of an hour the old sailor was startled by a man's coming down and crying out, in his own unintelligible jargon, some frightful piece of intelligence. But Jack knew his meaning, and at once hastened on deck, where he found Rolfe already dead, and Heany, McGrath, and Barbour in the most fearful spasms. He did all he could for them, but they had sealed their own doom; for, in less than ten minutes, they were all three dead!

Anderson had listened to Jack's advice, and was saved, though he suffered some. The five ill-fated men were buried with a simple ceremony, Jack repeating such parts of the Episcopal burial service as he could remember, and consigning the bodies to the sea with his own hands.

Towards the latter part of the afternoon, the three surviving members of the boat's crew were able to eat a hearty meal, and before they retired, they felt quite well. On the following morning they arose refreshed and strong, and reached the deck just in time to see the southern cape, or headland, of the Bay of Tamatave, upon the larboard bow, the town being in sight ahead.

At about eight o'clock the vessel came to anchor close by the shore, and the first movement of the captain after this, was to question Jack about his boat. The Yankee had at first feared, or supposed, that the Portuguese would want everything; but the fellow seemed to think if Jack would give him the boat, with all its rigging, he would be satisfied. Of course, Jack had no objections to this. He knew the boat was valuable, and that the Portuguese had suffered less than three dollars expense on their account; but when he remembered that his life had been saved, and that the noble boy had been preserved from a fate ten thousand times worse than starvation, he had no desire to quibble about remuneration.

The captain of the vessel wanted a paper of some kind, certifying that he had legally bought the boat, so that no Yankee captain who might thereafter see it in his possession should think he had stolen it. Bion wrote the necessary instrument, at the mutual dictation of Jack and Nat, and the Portuguese was satisfied. He could not read a word of it; but he had closely watched the faces of the Yankees while they were preparing it, and he was sure they had dealt honestly.

Jack, Bion, and Nat Anderson were carried on shore, and they found a sort of inn, kept by an Arabian, named Amar Kasich. They had a room together, and during the night Nat was taken sick. Jack hurried out for help, but he was soon satisfied that he could find no physician at that time of night, even though there were one in the place. So he returned to his chamber, where he found Nat out of bed, and dancing around on the tiled floor. The old sailor was startled, for he saw too plainly that the poor fellow was out of his senses; but by dint of persuasion and force, and a few promises of the most extravagant character, he at length succeeded in getting him back in bed.

Bion had just started to bring the medicine-chest, which had been brought along, when Nat gave a leap from the bed, and fell at full length upon the floor, where he struggled for a few moments, as though trying to arise. Jack took hold of his arm, but there was no resistance. At that moment, a stream of blood burst from the mouth!

Nat Anderson was dead! He had not been so careful as he should have been. During the day he had eaten and drunk to excess, and a fatal derangement of the heart had followed.

Jack Wallace and Bion Bernard stood by the corpse of their companion, and gazed sadly and mournfully upon the sunken features.

"Ah! Bion," said the old seaman, wiping a tear from his bedimmed eyes, "you and I are all that's left of the crew of the old ship· and we're among strangers, in a strange land!"

CHAPTER XX.

AN ILL-STARRED ADVENTURE!

When Jack Wallace and Bion had seen the last rites paid to the memory of their dead companion, they returned to their inn, and began to look around for an opportunity to dispose of their nautical instruments and other effects. They had two excellent compasses; two quadrants; a full set of mathematical instruments; a lot of charts; two chronometers, and several other things—the whole being really worth over three hundred dollars. The chronometers themselves were worth over a hundred each. They at length found a purchaser in an old Jew who kept a small shop where he sold everything that people would buy, and that he could handily keep.

At the end of an hour's bantering—the old fellow could talk English enough for trading purposes—he had worked his offer up to one hundred dollars. Beyond this he would not go, and Jack finally closed the bargain. He took his money in gold, and left the articles with the Jew.

For several days after this the two wanderers remained at the Arab's inn, watching for some vessel in which they might get away; but none came. They were resolved to take passage in the first vessel that left for any port where American or English vessels were in the habit of stopping; for they might remain a whole year where they were, and not see such a craft. And then they must find some turn in the wheel ere long, for their funds could not hold out long. Their host charged roundly for all that they had, and their small pile was rapidly disappearing. Bion had only five dollars when he left the wreck, and Jack had none. There was considerable gold and silver on board the Aldebaran, but it had been stowed in the run, under the cabin floor, and at the time they discovered the situation of the ship the precious coin was too far under water to be got at. But Jack said something might turn up. And so there did.

One night, after they had parted with just half of their funds, Jack and Bion turned in as usual. Their room was on the back side of the building, and overlooked a large garden. Jack had fallen asleep, but not so Bion. The boy was thinking of Cora, and wondering if she remembered him as faithfully as he did her. He was looking forward to manhood, and hoping that the gentle girl would live to womanhood, and be his wife. Such thoughts were often with him. When he was alone, and his mind was not busied with the circumstances then present, his thoughts went away to his mother and to Cora.

As Bion thus lay gazing upon a spot on the wall where the moonbeams lay, he saw the shadow of some opaque object flit across the bright place. In a moment more it returned, and presently he heard a sound at the window. He touched Jack and woke him up.

"What is it?" the latter asked, rubbing his eyes.

"I think somebody's trying to get in at the window," answered the boy.

Jack immediately reached under his pillow and drew forth one of his pistols and then turned his gaze towards the window, which was at the opposite side of the room. This window was square, and the sash swung upon two leathern hinges. Jack saw it opened, and the head and shoulders of a man were plainly revealed in the moonlight.

"It's that old Jew!" whispered Bion, who could see the long white beard.

"Aye—ye're right, my son. But hold on. Don't say a word. Let him work."

Slowly and noiselessly the man crept into the room, and so adroitly did he make every movement that neither of the occupants of the bed would have been awakened by them. Even the opening of the window would not have been detected by the boy as it was, only for the fact that the shadow on the wall gave him the alarm; and hence the almost imperceptible sound that came from the leathern hinges was noticed as explanatory of the widening of the spot of moonlight.

The interloper crept along half way across the apartment, and there he stopped to listen. Jack could see very plainly now that it was the Jew of whom he had received the hundred dollars. The old villain had doubtless come to get back part of his money.

"Snore!" whispered Jack, as the old rascal stopped.

They both snored as though they were sound asleep, and the Jew once more advanced, crouching low upon his hands and knees, and keeping his eye fixed upon the bed. Jack lay so that he could watch the fellow easily. His pistol was cocked, and ready for use at an instant's warning.

Both the lodgers had thrown their clothing over an old stool that stood close by the head of the bed, and the money was in an inside pocket of Jack's waistcoat. He had never taken the precaution of putting it under his pillow, as he locked and barricaded his door in such a manner that he was sure no one could enter there without arousing him. He had never thought of the window as a place of ingress for robbers.

The old Jew made not the least particle of noise as he crept up to the stool where he saw the garments. Had Jack been a believer in spiritual visitations he might have thought his present visitor a spirit sure enough; for how a man, in a solid body of flesh and bones could move so silently was a puzzle. But then there was no spirit about that individual—far from it.

Finally, the interloper reached the stool, and began to lift the clothing. The lodgers snored away as honestly as could be; but could any one have got a fair view of Jack's eye during the operation he would have seen a bright twinkle there which bona fide sleepers don't indulge in. The trousers were taken down first; and then the waistcoat. A slight sound was heard to issue from the Jew's lips as he felt the weight of this latter garment. He ran his right hand quickly over it, and ere long he held the purse in his hand. It was a rough purse, which Jack had fashioned from an old boot-leg, and the robber must have at once recognized it as the one into which he had seen the gold put. At all events he grasped the prize and turned. He just bent his ear one moment towards the bed, and then crawled away. He had got half way across the room when Jack gave the coverlet a kick, leaped to the floor, and with one bound stood by the rascal's side.

"Aha! you miserable, sneakin' old skulk, ye!—I've got ye, have I? D'ye see this pistol, old Bungtown? Just look at it! It's loaded with two balls!"

It was some moments ere the wretch could speak. He was so completely taken aback that he could not work off until he had somewhat collected himself.

"Say, old Skinflint! D'ye see this pistol?"

"Oh!—O-o-o-oh!" grunted the villain, trying to unclasp Jack's finger's from his throat. "Me no come for hurt John! O—me find ner' wrong! Me go for find—a—one room vare vat you calls him—de mans as ish here, vat is dis housh his. Yash—yash—it ish him vat I try for find!"

"Look here, you miserable old Blunderbore, what d'ye call that?" cried Jack, snatching the purse from his hand.

"Eh?—O—ah—yash—I finds him. He be ner closhe by der door—I finds him. Yash—I wash go for find him—find der mans vat ish der keep dish housh. Ah—yash—dat ish it."

"And what did you want with the man who keeps this house?"

"Ah—I vas want find him for give dish burse vat I finds."

"Yes, yes, old Skinflint—I see. But how'd ye git in here?"

"Eh?"

"How'd ye git in here? How'd ye find yer way into this room?"

"O—yash. I comes in der door. Yash!"

"Ye did, eh? Look at that, ye old villain! Look at that, I say!" cried Jack, giving the Jew a whirl towards the door.

The fellow saw how the place was barricaded, but he was not yet down.

"O—yash," he grunted. "Yash, yash. Me see him up, and me put him back."

"Get out with yer lies, ye miserable old Blunderbore. But now look ye: I saw ye come in at that window! And I saw ye crawl up to my bed! And I saw ye take this purse out of my pocket! Now give me two hundred dollars, and I'll let ye be off!"

At first the Jew did not understand this; but Jack soon sharpened up his comprehension by showing him the pistol.

"Now you jist look here, old Skinflint," said the Yankee, slowly and emphatically, and speaking plainly, so that the Jew might understand, "you see this pistol—you come here to rob me—you steal my purse—I find it in your hand—I see you get in at my window in the night. Now if I shoot you—kill you," continued Jack, gesticulating with the pistol as he went on, "nobody will blame me. Every body will be glad. Give me two hundred dollars, and I'll let ye go. But if you don't, over goes yer hulk!"

"O—two—eh?"

"Two hundred dollars—jist as much as you gave me the other day, and jist as much more."

Finally the wretch had to understand Jack's meaning; and then he began to assert once more that he came honestly into the room. But the pistol helped him out of this delusion, and he next plead poverty.

"I know better than that," said Jack. "I saw you have a great lot of gold. I tell ye, old Hosshead, I'll have two hundred dollars, or I'll shoot ye!"

"Ah, John—you shoot me, der officer hang you on der great high tree! Yash, Yash. Dey hangs you dead as der dead can be—more dead as dat pistols can make me. Yash, Yash!" exclaimed the Jew, working his long, lank body into all sorts of contortions.

But Jack was not be trifled with longer. He knew that the Jew had got the best of him in their former trade, and he now not only meant to have some amends for that, but he meant also to punish him for his present villainy. He felt fully justified in the course he was pursuing. And there was a spirit of good will in his motive, too; for he believed the authorities would put the fellow to death if he was convicted of breaking into a house and robbing. The idea presented itself, and the Yankee determined to try it. He had not at first thought of this; but now that he came to reflect a moment he remembered that he had seen a man hung upon a tree for robbing an old woman's house.

"Well, well," he said, giving the Jew a closer grip upon the neck, and jerking him towards the door, "I'll carry ye to the officers. I'll carry ye to the judge and tell him all you've been doin'! Come along!"

This frightened the old rascal far more than did the former threat. He struggled and kicked, and tried to break away; but Jack only hurt him the more, as he dragged him to the door.

"You vont go, John, for tell der officers?"

"Come along, old Bloodybones! I'll see what they'll do to ye when I tell 'em how you broke into this house and stole my money!"

"I give you des sharts vat you sells me, John."

"What d'ye s'pose I want of yer charts? Give me two hundred dollars, and I'll let ye go!"

The Jew begged and lied, but all to no purpose. Jack had removed the barricade and got the door unbolted, when the villain gave in. He promised to bring the money on the morrow. But that wouldn't do. Jack knew too much for that. He said he'd go home with the old scamp and get the money at once. And to this the Jew was finally obliged to consent. It came hard, but there was no help for it. His captor would not budge an inch, and he knew he had the choice between giving two hundred dollars or his life.

"Only think," said Jack, "how easy I could get more if I wanted to. But I only want enough to take me out of this place."

Thus speaking Jack handed the pistol to Bion, and bade him shoot the villain if he moved away from the spot where he then stood. Then he proceeded to dress himself; and having done this he turned to the Jew and told him he was ready. He took the pistol, remarking to Bion that he might stay in the room, and take the other pistol if he wished. There was another one beneath the pillow. The boy chose to remain, and his protector then opened the door and led the unresisting Jew out.

The Hebrew's residence was not far off, and they reached it without molestation. When they had gained the inside old Ishmael again tried to beg off, but his captor was firm, and the gold was brought forth. He counted out six doubloons, and declared that was all he had.

"Then come along," said Jack, seizing him by the collar.

At this moment, as the old sailor grasped him, the Jew started as though a momentous thought had struck him.

"Ah—oh! Hold on, John! Me bring him!"

"Look ye," the Yankee said: "If ye aren't back in jist one minute I'll call the officers!"

"O—me come, John."

Thus speaking the Jew disappeared within an inner room; but Jack kept his ears open, determined to give chase if he heard him making off. The old chap returned, however, in a few moments, and in his hand he brought not a money-bag, but a key.

"Yar—yar—der monish be in dis big box," he said, setting the candle, which he had lighted when he first came in, down on his counter.

He tried the key, but it would not fit. Then he found another, and tried that, until by and by, just as Jack was becoming impatient, the chest was opened. The host took out a small leathern bag, and brought it to the counter, and then took out another dubloon.

"Dare—dat ish all."

"No, no,—I want another!" cried Jack, seizing the bag with one hand, and still holding the pistol in the other.

At that moment the small door that led into the rear apartment was thrown open, and half-a-dozen Malagash officers rushed in!

"Oh! Murder! Robbers! You rob all my gold!" yelled the Jew, as he heard the new-comers enter.

Poor Jack! He saw his situation in a moment! There he stood, just in the act of seizing the money-bag, with a pistol in his hand! Acting upon his first impulse he made for the door; but he was seized ere he reached the street. He knocked down two of his assailants, and then took to his heels. But he was in a poor condition for either running or fighting, for the effects of the terrible ordeal through which he had lately passed were still upon him. He was overtaken ere he had reached the main street, and marched back to the Jew's shop, where the Hebrew told his story to suit himself. Jack could translate his story by his frantic gestures. The old rascal simply told them that the prisoner—the American sailor—had come to rob him—that he had threatened to shoot him, and perform all sorts of horrible things if he could not get all the gold in the house?

What could Jack do? He understood it now. When he let the Jew go into the other room he had aroused some of his folks and sent them off after the officers; and then he had contrived to delay and bother so as to have a scene at the right moment. He might as well have talked to so many mules, so far as making them understand was concerned. As soon as the Jew had told his story the unfortunate man was taken away.

His conductors led him a long distance, through several narrow streets, flanked by low, miserable huts, until they at length stopped before a structure which seemed to be fashioned of stone. Into this Jack was led, the door being so low that he was forced to stoop, and pretty soon a man came with a torch. A brisk jabbering was carried on for some time, and finally the prisoner was led away and cast into a narrow dungeon, where there was nothing save the bare walls and floor. The door was shut upon him—he heard a heavy bolt thrown, accompanied by a clank of a chain—and then he was left alone!

Jack Wallace knew the character of these people too well. Since he had been there he had learned something of their hatred of foreigners, and he was sure that no mercy would be shown him! He saw, the more he thought of the circumstances, how direct the proof would be against him. What would his story amount to? He had been caught in the very act of forcing gold from the Jew, and that, too, at the muzzle of a pistol! The Jew could prove that he (Jack) had been to his place once before, and had seen his gold.

And then the hour of his visit—near midnight! What honest purpose could a stranger have away from his inn at that time? Alas! things looked dark, indeed! Jack thought of Bion, and his strength, long at a low point, gave fairly away, and he sank down upon the cold stone floor!

CHAPTER XXI.

MAKOMAI.

Bion waited for his companion over half an hour, but he could keep awake no longer. He had not slept at all that night, and as he was both sleepy and fatigued he thought he would retire, and let Jack come when he pleased. So he went and shut the window, and having found a wooden pin with which to secure it he drew the sash to and looped the leathern fastening over it. He then placed the remaining pistol where he could reach it in case of need, and after this he lay down, and was soon asleep.

When the boy awoke the sun was shining into his room. He started quickly up and gazed about him. Then he rubbed his eyes, and gazed again. He was alone, surely! He called for Jack, but no Jack answered. He placed his hand upon the rough bed where Jack had lain, but there was no warmth there. He then bowed his head and pondered upon the events of the night before. He remembered the Jew—the robbery—the detection; and he called to mind the scene that followed. Jack had gone with the villain to get two hundred dollars. Would not a man who would break into a house and rob, commit a murder if he had provocation?

Bion leaped from his bed and went to the door. It was just as he had left it when he retired. Jack had not been back since he went out with the Jew!

The boy knew how frightened the old usurer had been, and how Jack had threatened to expose him. If he had got his enemy into his own house, out of the way of detection, would he not put him to death if he could? The more the boy pondered the more fearful he became that his friend was murdered. He threw on his clothes as quickly as possible, and was upon the point of rushing out, when a second thought restrained him.

"I have got to act for myself," he said, as he moved back to the bed and sat down. "I am among strangers, and may be among villains. If the Jew has murdered good old Jack, he will be sure to put me out of the way if he knows I suspect him." Awhile he thought, and then spoke on:—"It may be that Jack ain't dead, but only put away somewhere. And yet, if I would save him I must be careful. When men have any great work to do they go about it calmly and with great care. I have got the work of a man to do. I must be a man!"

This was not spoken in a continuous strain, but at intervals, as his thoughts worked within him. The events of the past three weeks had done much towards forming a habit of self-reliance and deep thought; and he had also seen how necessary it is for every person to be able to take care of himself. The startling ordeals through which he had passed had given a sternness to his will, and a moral fearlessness which could have been gained in no other way. He rather looked upon his life as something which had been spared to him for a good use. Twice it had been held at the will of the Unseen, and yet it was his still. At all events, he felt sure that he owed his life to Jack if the latter needed it, and he was not long in making up his mind that his own safety should be his second consideration until he knew his friend's fate, and had done all in his power for his preservation.

In a small cot at the edge of the town lived an Ova man, from the powerful tribe of the great plains of the interior. This Ova's name was Makomai. He had been a warm friend of the English missionaries, and spoke the language quite well. Both Jack and Bion had visited him, and had been treated very kindly, he not only entertaining them as well as he could, but promising to watch for them and find an opportunity for a passage to some other port if possible.

To Makomai Bion resolved to go. It might be losing time, but he had no other recourse, save the Jew; and of course he dared not venture within that villain's power first. He reflected deeply upon the matter, and at length he started up for action. He placed the loaded pistol within his bosom, and having buttoned his jacket up he left the inn. The distance to Makomai's was not far—not over ten minutes' walk—and he had the good fortune to find the Ova in.

This native was a fine type of his people; tall and straight; formed after the most perfect model of the muscular man; his skin of a dark olive hue; his hair long, black, and glossy, and naturally curled into wavy ringlets; and with a face on which was stamped the stern honor that marked his character.

"Mine small friend looks all dark and cloudy," he said, as Bion took a seat upon the stool which had been handed out for him.

"Yes, sir. I am in great trouble," returned the boy.

"Will you tell me?"

"That's what I came for, sir. I felt sure you would be good to me; and I hoped you would help me if you could."

"Makomai help his small young friend with his life. Now tell him. But he think he know already. He think other friend in trouble."

"You are right," returned Bion. And thereupon he went on and related all that had happened. He told how he saw the Jew come in at the window—how he awoke Jack; and then he described the scene that followed, stating all the particulars of conversation, and relating how Jack went away with the old rascal to get the two hundred dollars.

"Don't you think the Jew has killed Jack, so that he may not be exposed?" the boy asked, at the conclusion of his story.

Makomai bowed his head and thought for some moments ere he replied.

"No," he at length said, with a peculiarly thoughtful shake of the head. "I don't think the Jew do any such thing. He too big afraid—coward you call him. He no dare, I don't think. But, as you say, he may. Will you stay here if—— But tell me:—Who you told this to?"

"To no one but you, sir. I have not seen another soul since I got out of bed, only strangers that I met."

"Good—much good. Now you stay here while I go and find out. I will come back just as soon as I can."

Bion readily consented to this, and accordingly the Ova threw on his crimson blanket and went out, closing the door of his hut after him. His wife, a very fair-looking woman for one of her class, was the boy's only companion, and she soon entered into conversation with him. She informed him that Mr. Starling, an English missionary, lived with her over six years, in Tananarivo, which town, she said, was the great capital of the Ovas. She and her husband were going to England as soon as they could get their son, who was detained by Ranavalona, the wicked queen of the Ovas, who had succeeded the good King Radama upon the throne. Her son was kept because he could speak and read English, and the queen feared that some of the missionaries who still remained, might be concocting plots for overturning the government; and in such case she wished to have some one near her who could translate any written matter that might fall into her hands.

She also told him how King Radama had encouraged the promulgation of Christianity—how he had hired English officers to drill his troops—how he had offered great inducements for missionaries to settle there and teach the people—how he had sent some of his young subjects to France and England to study, and bring reports of the manners and customs there—and how happy they all were under his reign. But Radama had died, and instead of making the young prince Rakotobe king, as Radama had meant, one of his wives, the wicked Ranavalona gained many powerful men to her interest by promise of lucrative office, and seized the scepter. Rakotobe, who was a Christian, was run through and through with spears, and all good men who had favored him were obliged to flee.

Bion listened with deep interest to the woman's story of the Ovas, and when she had concluded, he told her the story of his own adventures, which startled her much. He had just answered several side questions which she had put, when Makomai entered. He was excited, and showed very plainly that something had made him angry.

Bion dared not ask him what he had learned. He only gazed into his dark features, and waited for him to speak, which he did ere long.

"Well—our friend lives!"

"*Lives!*" echoed the boy, starting to his feet. "He lives!"

"Yes. But don't let yourself be too much happy. He lives; but he is in prison!"

"In prison? For what?" cried Bion, starting up again in utter astonishment.

"Sit still, and I will tell you. You say Jack went out with the Jew to get two hundred dollar. Hold on—you no answer—I understand.—I say he went out with the Jew to get money. They go to Jew's house—Jew sends his wife for officer—say somebody is robbing him. Then he—— I think so —— he gets bag of money, and acts as though he would pay; but he will not. Jack is mad—angry—and he grabs hold of the bag of money just as the officers come in. What can Jack do? He no talk any word they understand; so the Jew tell all his own story, and they carry Jack away to the prison and lock him up."

Bion very soon understood it all. He saw just how Jack had been trapped; and saw, too, how dark must be the apparent proof against him.

"Will they hang him?" he at length asked, in a hoarse whisper, at the same time trembling from head to foot.

Makomai shook his head.

"I'm afraid they will if he don't get away. The Jew is very rich, and lends money to the governor sometimes. They will believe him. And then the officers will tell how they found our friend in the Jew's shop at midnight, with a pistol in his hand, and trying to pull money away. Ah—very bad!—very!"

"But when will they try him?"

"This very day!"

"And when do they hang?"

"Just when they want to. Sometimes they have a lot to hang; and then they keep some so as to hang them all at the same time."

"I must see Jack! O! how can I do it? Can you not help me?"

"Let me think, because I got something for you, too."

The Ova bowed his head, and at the end of some moments he said—

"The officers have been to the inn for you. They don't say they mean you harm; but they want to ask you some questions. I am very afraid they will think you with our friend. The Betanimes no like English—they jealous of them. You better not be seen."

At this point the hostess said something in her own language. Makomai started, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. Then he reflected awhile, and finally turned to the boy and said—

"My wife say, me make you look like poor Mamoka. Mamoka is a girl that lives close to us, but she has gone away off to another country. The people here don't know that she is gone; so I shall put some bark-water on your face and hands, and put on you a girl's blanket, and then take you along. You may see him so."

Bion was ready for anything that could further his plans, and he agreed to this at once. He learned that Mamoka was a deaf mute, and had been a slave, and that a few days before a Muquez merchant had taken her away. The hostess had some dye-stuff ready prepared for coloring cotton, and a few applications of it colored the boy's face, neck, arms, shoulders, and eyes, dark enough. An old blanket was then produced, and so arranged about his head as to conceal his hair, and at the same time afford sufficient covering for his body, his own clothing having been all removed.

As soon as possible after this, Makomai set out with the disguised boy in company. He had been in the habit of walking around with Mamoka, and people thought it nothing strange to see him now. When they reached the prison, which was upon one side of the village, Bion found it to be a low, one-story structure, built of rough stones and a clayey cement, and guarded by only one man. There was no wall or fence about it, the authorities trusting to their bolts and bars, and the heavy musket of the single guard.

Makomai spoke a few words to the sentinel, who was a Betanim soldier, and was at once conducted into the prison. He told the soldier that the prisoner owed him money, and he wished to see him, to try and get it if possible.

"Are they going to hang him?" the Ova asked, as they entered the narrow, dirty hall.

"Not yet," was the reply. "There are three more coming from Toptoi to-morrow to be hanged."

"But they'll try him to-day?"

"Yes. As soon as the judge is ready."

They reached the cell in which Jack was confined, and the door, which was secured by a bolt and a chain, was thrown open.

"Don't ye know me much?" uttered Makomai, quickly, and in a tone meant only for Jack's ear.

The sentinel saw the two visitors in, and then shut the door. There was light enough to enable the inmates to see each other, there being a small square hole in the wall over the door.

Jack was not long in discovering his protege, and their embrace was most affectionate—so much so, that the Ova said he was already repaid for all he had done. The prisoner then told his story; and when he was done a consultation took place touching the course that should be pursued.

"I think if I had the means," said Jack, "I could get through this wall in a few hours. There's only one thickness of stones, and they are put up with clay. I can scratch it with my finger-nails."

"Where's your knife and pistol?" asked Bion.

"Ah," quickly returned Makomai, "they don't trust prisoners in here with such things."

"No. They took them away the first thing," added Jack.

"Don't they have but one sentinel here?" asked the boy, eagerly.

"That's all," answered the Ova. "There are more here sometimes, but only one is made to stay here. They never keep any body here a great while, and they don't fear a man's breaking out through these walls."

At this juncture the door was opened, and the sentinel looked in and said the officers were coming for the prisoner.

"By the good spirit," uttered Makomai, in a startled tone, "they must not see you, boy, or it may betray all. Come!"

Bion turned and caught Jack by the hand.

"I have but one life—it's yours, Jack! God help us!" And with these words he hastened after his conductor.

They met the officers in the yard; but, fortunately, they were not particularly noticed, and hastened on.

"Now," said the native, "you must go home alone. Cover up your face and hurry on. I must stay and be at the examination. They will want an interpreter. I will act. They wont know that I am interested!"

"Certainly," cried the boy. "If you can remain, and be of service to Jack, I will find the way alone."

So Bion walked on, and reached the hut in safety, while Makomai went to the house of the judge, which was not far from the inn where the Americans had put up. In a little while the prisoner was brought in, followed by a crowd of dirty faces, and the Jew was sent for.

Poor Jack looked about upon the uncouth beings who surrounded him, and he knew there was no compassion there. He gazed upon the face of the orang-outang-looking judge, and he could read his doom already sealed upon the swart lips!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

An Agreeable Cure.—To cure palpitation of the heart, procure a young woman—alive! and, having ascertained the region of the heart, press the organ closely against your own, until the pain ceases. For regimen, use cooling drinks and moonlight—about half-and-half.

MARVELS OF CREATION.

The mariner who first crossed the central Atlantic in search of a new world, was astonished when, on the 19th of September, 1492, he found himself in the midst of that great bank of sea-weed—the sea-weed meadow Oviedo—the Saragossa Sea, which, with a varying breath of 100 to 300 miles, stretches over twenty-five degrees of latitude, covering 260,000 square miles of surface, like a huge floating garden, in which countless myriads of minute animals find food and shelter. Now, it is the eddy of the numerous sea rivers which collect in one spot; and the cold water of the Northern Atlantic mixing with the warm streams of the western and southern currents, which produce the temperature most fitted to promote this amazing development of vegetable and animal life. What becomes of the dead remains of this vast marine growth? Do they decompose as fast as they are produced? or do they accumulate into deposits of particular coal, destined to reward the researches of future geologists and engineers, when the Atlantic of our day has become the habitable land of an after-time?

In the chart of the Pacific Ocean, we are presented with another remarkable instance of the influence of sea rivers on vegetation. From the shores of South Victoria, on the Antarctic continent, a stream of cold water, 60 degrees in width (our readers will recollect that in high latitudes the degrees of longitude are very narrow), drifts slowly along in a north-east and easterly direction across the Southern Pacific, till it impinges upon the South American coast to the south of Valparaiso. There it divides into two arms: one of which stretches south and east, doubles Cape Horn, and penetrates into the South-western Atlantic; the other flows first north-east and then north-west, along the shores of Chili and Peru, carrying colder waters into the warm sea, and producing a colder air along the low plains which stretch from the shores of the Pacific to the base of the Andes. This current, discovered by Humboldt, and called after his name, lowers the temperature of the air about twelve degrees; while that of the water itself is sometimes as much as twenty-four degrees colder than that of the still waters of the ocean through which it runs.

The cold air seriously affects the vegetation along the whole of this coast; at the same time that the cold stream raises fogs and mists, which not only conceal the shores and perplex the navigator, but extend inland also, and materially modify the climate. The beautiful and beneficent character of this modifying influence becomes not only apparent, but most impressive, when we consider, as the rain map of the world shows us, that on the coast of Peru no rain ever falls; and that, like the desert of Saharah, it ought therefore to be condemned to perpetual barrenness. But in consequence of the cold stream thus running along its borders, the atmosphere loses its transparency, and the sun is obscured for months together.

The vapors at Lima are often so thick, that the sun seen through them with the naked eye assumes the appearance of the moon's disc. They commence in the morning and extend over the plains in the form of refreshing fogs, which disappear soon after mid-day; and are followed by heavy dews, which are precipitated during the night. The morning mists and the evening dews thus supply the place of the absent rains; and the verdure which covers the plains is the offspring of a sea-river.

* * *

FIRE.

What a thing fire must have been to the primitive man the first time it flashed upon him! Say that he kept watch over his people; that at the chilliest hour of the night, just before sunrise, he noticed how a dry stick grew warm when rubbed against his club; that he rubbed them again, more stoutly still, and it became hot; at it again, with the wonder of a child and the strength of twenty men he flung it down, for it scorched his hand; yet he could not choose but try again, and it smoked; again and again, quicker and quicker, longer and longer, he pursued the wild experiment, until it burst into flame, and the sun arose in the east: what was the fire upon the brand but the spirit of the blessed sun come down to dwell with him and his? It is surely not impossible to feel how, in the absence of science, with the presence of only an incalculably small amount of experience, in an intellect far more observative than analytical, and a young soul capable of little more than wonder and love, the worship of the Sun and Fire might arise; and, once risen on a national and continental heart, it could never set until the fulness of a better time were come. Nor is Christianity herself, the reconciling genius of the world, ashamed to draw upon the memory of that old faith; for she lifts up her Prince of Peace to the homage of the nations, under the image of the Zoroastrian god: "The Sun of Righteousness with healing in his beams."

* * *

PASSIONS OF ANIMALS.

Spry and others state that the snake-catchers in the East Indies have the art of enticing snakes from their concealment by a kind of song or humming sound; and Neale affirms that he tamed rattle-snakes by music, and, however dangerous they might be, he completely subdued them, which is confirmed by Chateaubriand, who saw the anger of one of these reptiles completely subdued by the tones of a flute. Lenz, on the other hand, describes these as mere fables, as in no instance could he ever succeed in making any impression on a snake by music; but he cites the instance of a goose which followed a harp-player whenever he performed. Bechstem says that mice are attracted by music, and Bettina noticed the same in running up the gamut. An elephant in Paris, within hearing of a concert, expressed, by gestures, its pleasure at some pieces, whilst others did not affect it. Some dogs are singularly excited by music, and accompany it with a distressing kind of howl. It is known to sportsmen that the deer and roe listen to music, and, according to Obsonville, monkeys are attracted by it, and exhibit marked delight.

* * *

MERIT AND POSITION.

The difference between a man of merit and a man of position, is this: the latter is the man of his day, the former is the man after his day.

There was a king in England when Shakespeare lived there, and doubtless every child in the realm knew his name familiarly; but how many knew the name of the poor play-writer? But now, almost every child that speaks the English language, knows of Shakespeare and his writings. How many of them know of James and his writings? Very few. Thus the man of high position died with his position and his day; but the man of merit only began to live when he died.

* * *

Read this and Laugh.—In the French translation of "Paradise Lost," "Hail horrors, hail!" is rendered thus: "Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs—comment vous portez vous?" that is, "How d'ye do, horrors—how d'ye do?"

KATY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Will you come and be my love, Katy,
  My sweetheart, good and true?
I've nothing in the great wide world
  To live for—only you;

You, and a little patch of grass
  All tended green and bright;
With a rose-bush growing over the face
  That used to be my light.

You shall be safe from ill, Katy,
  As never wife has been;
The morning-glory by the door
  Shall hardly dare look in.

And when I'm plowing in the fields,
  Or when the sheaves I bind,
I'll always bring to you, Katy,
  The sweetest flowers I find.

And when beside our wintry fire,
  With silvery hair, you wait,
I'll whisper did I love you so
  When I kissed you first, my Kate!

DIVORCED.

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

The bell of the "Old South Church" tolled seven. At the sound, a young and beautiful lady, who sat in the drawing-room of one of the handsomest houses in B—— street, started from her cushioned sofa, and pressed her hand convulsively upon her heart.

"It's almost time for his return," she murmured to herself. "Yes—there is his step upon the stairs."

A slow, heavy tread came up the stairs, and paused a moment in the passage outside. The lady still stood erect, but she trembled violently, and laid her hand upon the back of an arm-chair, to steady herself.

A moment of intolerable waiting passed—then the door opened, and a handsome man with snow white hair, apparently some sixty years of age, entered, and stood before her.

Edwin Fortescue was a man well known in "State street"—a man whose name was a fortune in itself. At once the most daring and successful of speculators, he was envied by thousands. His horses were the finest—his house the most elegant—his dinners the most recherche of any in Boston. And when, in spite of his white locks, and sixty years, he brought a young and beautiful bride to preside over his home, he seemed to have touched the pinnacle of good fortune. There were not wanting those who asserted that the proud, young belle had been bought by gold, and cared little for her purchaser. But they were wrong. In her early girlhood, Julia Percival had loved deeply and truly, and had been so bitterly and heartlessly deceived, that, after the first wild anguish passed away, her heart and soul seemed frozen into stone. Beautiful, witty, elegant and fashionable, she sparkled in every crowded ball and assembly, the acknowledged queen of the night—but it was as the diamond sparkles—coldly—if gloriously. The courteous preference of the old man—so different from the adulation of the brainless fools around her—pleased and interested her. In time she learned to love him—not, indeed, as she had loved at first—but fondly and tenderly. In spite of the remonstrances of her friends and relatives, she married him—and for a year had lived the life of a happy child—happy, because it is petted, caressed—and loved!

For a year she had gladdened the old man's home—for a year she had laid her head upon his breast, each night—and now, for the first time, they were at variance—for the first time she had dreaded to hear his step—for the first time they stood together with averted faces and angry hearts—neither willing, yet each wishing, to break the unusual silence between them.

The old man went towards the window, and leaning heavily against the Venetian blind, looked out into the gas-lit street. Some good angel prompted her, as she gazed at those white locks, and that bowed head, to glide into his arms, and say, "Dear Edwin, forgive me!" but the impulse was resisted, and folding her arms, she walked slowly up and down the room, displaying a figure of majestic height and proportions, garbed in an evening dress of rich and taseful material.

"Julia!"

She paused in her walk, and the youthful face, full of hidden anger and impatience, was turned toward, but not lifted to his own.

"I see you are determined to disregard my wishes," said her husband in a pained tone. "You have on an evening dress, and you wear your diamonds."

"Yes, sir."

"And why?" he asked, angrily.

She came closer, lifted her proud head, and looked him steadily in the face, as she answered,

"Because I am going to the opera with my mother, Mr. Fortescue, and afterward to the ball at Madame Moutplaisir's."

The old man grew white about the lips.

"Julia, I told you once it was not a proper place for you. That French adventuress——"

"Mr. Fortescue, allow me to recall you to yourself. She is a lady of high social standing, and all my fashionable friends frequent her assemblies."

"They would not, if they only knew all. Julia, I can tell you one thing about this woman that will make you shun her. When I was in Paris, years ago——" he hesitated and colored.

"Well, go on," said his wife, half guessing the truth, and feeling a dreary pain at her heart.

"That woman—then Sophie Guillot—was a danseuse upon the stage of one of the minor theatres."

He looked earnestly at his wife, as he made this revelation. But she only drew a long breath of intense relief. She had feared the beautiful French woman had been to him what he should have blushed to name before a virtuous woman like her.

"You must have been mistaken," she answered coldly. "And even if you were not—she is visited by all my friends—so where is the harm?"

"The harm, Julia?" said the old man, with touching tenderness. "I cannot see my young and innocent wife in such society—you must not go—nay, *you shall not!*"

She had resumed her rapid walk, but at those words she stopped and faced him again, with a look of pride and anger.

"Mr. Fortescue," she said, in a singularly low sweet voice, "you forget yourself. I am no Eastern slave—I shall go to the opera at once."

"And after that, Madam—after that?" thundered the old man, turning pale with rage, at this audacious reply.

"After that, I shall drive to Madame Montplaisirs with my mother," she said in the same calm voice.

He stamped his foot upon the floor, and ground his teeth in rage.

"And after that, madam, by the stars above me, you may drive home with your mother, and never see my face again! I will not have a disobedient wife—do you hear? If you go to Madame Moutplaisir's, I shall know it."

"Oh, I suppose you are going yourself, though it is such an improper place for me," she said, with a mocking laugh.

"Yes, Julia, I *am* going, to see if you are there. If so, remember that this house is no more your home."

No human eyes could express more scorn and indignation than her dark orbs put on as he spoke.

"I accept the conditions," she said, as she turned to leave the room. "And, as I shall certainly be there—adieu, Monsieur, forever!"

She made him a graceful and profound courtesy, and swept out of the room. The unhappy old man sank down upon a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"My God! has she left me like this? Is it then true, that she took me for my gold, as so many have said? Has she acted a living lie during this happy year? It must be so, if she can leave me forever, so carelessly. And this is woman!"

He listened eagerly for her step upon the threshold once again. It did not come, but in its place her bell was sounded violently, and he heard the carriage ordered. He started up with clenched hands, but sank down into his seat again, and groaned bitterly.

Within a quarter of an hour, he heard the carriage roll away, and knew that she had left him forever!—without a word, too!

"Well—let her go," he said, rising from his chair, and going into his own dressing-room. "It is the last time a woman shall have the power to wring my heart like this!"

Meanwhile, as the evening wore away, and the beautiful Mrs. Fortescue had exchanged her admirers at the opera, for her admirers at the ball, she sat, the centre of an eager group, telling fortunes, with a pretty imitation of a professed Sibyl, that made every one who saw her smile. To her mother she had confided all her troubles—to her mother's house she was to return that night. Few who looked on her proud and beautiful face, so full of mirth and gayety, or met the flashing glance of her large dark eyes, would have dreamed of the aching heart that lay beneath. But, like too much we see in the world, that gayety was all false and hollow.

"Crave the good offices of the beautiful Sibyl for me," said a low voice to the hostess, who stood in the group.

"Mrs. Fortescue, permit me to present to you ——" The rest of the introduction was lost in the hum of conversation around, and Julia, scarcely looking up, bowed to the stranger, and sat silent again.

"My friend would hear of his good fortune—shall he cross the palm of the Sibyl with gold?" pursued the French lady.

"It is not necessary—let him extend his palm," said Julia, wearily.

A white, exquisitely-shaped hand, with a diamond ring glittering on the third finger, was laid gently on the arm of the chair beside her. She turned pale, and a slight exclamation passed from her lips. She had placed that diamond there, years before! It was the hand of Frederick Travers, her early love!

Her woman's pride came to her aid, before she had compromised herself in the eyes of those who had seen her agitation. She looked calmly up in the beautiful face she had prayed never to see again, and met the triumphant glance of the large blue eyes with a quiet smile.

"The Sibyl is weary of the task," she said, rising, and giving him her hand. "Mr. Travers, I am rejoiced to see you. I did not pay much attention to your introduction—to say the truth, my thoughts were far away, or I should have recognized my old friend sooner. Do you stop long with us?"

"Only a few weeks," he murmured, confusedly, as he bent above her hand. He had fancied her still the sensitive, blushing school-girl, whose love for him had been manifest to every eye—and to find this brilliant, self-possessed woman of the world, who concealed her momentary embarrassment so skillfully, puzzled and annoyed him.

"You have changed greatly, Julia—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Fortescue," he said, as the circle broke up, by degrees, and left them standing there together. "I never fancied you half so lovely as you are now."

"Pray, spare your compliments," she answered, with a languid smile. "You and I know the worth of them too well."

He bit his lips.

"And everything changes, I suppose," she added, in the same light tone. "Here am I, an old married lady—and you ——"

"Is your husband here?" he asked, quickly.

"No."

Her color changed, and she felt a keen pain at the heart as she spoke. But she kept on gayly.

"He is too sage and wise to follow in my butterfly track, you know."

"Julia, answer me one question."

The blue eyes fixed themselves upon her face, as if they would read her very soul. But she was on her guard.

"What is it?" she asked, lifting her bouquet to her lips.

"Do you love your husband?"

"With my whole heart and soul."

The recreant lover shrank back abashed, for truth was in her voice and face and eye.

At this moment, Madame Moutplaisir came gliding up.

"Come, good people, don't stand here sentimentalising," she said, gayly. "We want you for a waltz, with the rest."

"I would rather not dance," pleaded Julia, but she was overruled by their joint entreaties, and glided away as the music struck up, with the arm of Frederick Travers encircling her waist, and his dark blue eyes bent upon her flushed face, with an intense admiration, only too evident to the spectators who stood around.

Suddenly, the room seemed whirling around to Julia, and her partner bore her out of the throng. She had seen her husband standing in the door watching her, and soon she was face to face with him. He did not move or stir—he only looked at her, as if she had been a stranger, and stood aside to let them pass. He had recognized Travers as her early lover, and pride and outraged love had made him hard as marble.

"Edwin," she whispered—and detaching a flower from the bouquet, she tossed it to him, with an anxious smile. With a fierce oath, he ground it beneath his feet, and turned away.

"Edwin! Oh, my God!"

She turned white, and fell senseless upon the floor at his feet. Frederick Travers lifted her in his arms—her mother, who had seen all, hurried to her side, and the ball broke up in great confusion. Fortescue stood a moment and gazed upon her pale face; then struck Travers lightly upon the shoulder, and flung him his card.

"You will hear from me, sir," said the haughty Englishman, turning white with rage, yet still holding the senseless Julia in his arms.

"At your service, sir."

The moody old man strode through the frightened crowd and gained his carriage. Ten minutes after, Mrs. Fortescue rode home with her mother, and the gay crowd departed, to talk and wonder about the strange and sudden separation and the approaching duel.

CHAPTER II.

For some days Frederick Travers and Edwin Fortescue were absent from the city. When they returned, with two gentlemen who had acted as seconds in the affair, the handsome Travers looked still more interesting with the wide black ribbon crossing his breast that supported his wounded arm. It was nearly three months after his arrival, when he met Julia, with her mother, upon the promenade. She was looking pale and ill, and her eyes fixed themselves upon the scarf with painful eagerness.

"I have been so anxious since I have been out of town," she said, glancing round, as if fearful of being overheard. "Are you wounded?"

"It was merely a trifle, and almost over now,—give yourself no uneasiness."

"Julia, my love," whispered her mother, "this is really improper. What will people say to see you two together here?"

"What they choose, mother," she answered recklessly, and turned to Travers again.

"And he—was *he* hurt?"

"I am happy to tell you he was not. But, Julia—may I hope ——"

He paused, abashed, as her large dark eyes fixed themselves full upon his face.

"Hope nothing," she said, with fiery vehemence. "But know this—if you had killed *him*, I would have murdered *you!*"

She took her mother's arm and swept away. As she paused to enter her carriage, her husband passed. She started and turned pale. Each looked in the other's face, and read the misery there—but both were too proud to yield. A momentary impulse moved Julia to spring towards him with an imploring glance, but her mother drew her quickly back, and Fortescue bowed distantly and passed on. All this Travers observed from the steps of a neighboring hotel, and his sneering face was the first thing the unhappy husband encountered as he resumed his walk.

"Upon my word, Julia, you are enough to drive one distracted," said Mrs. Percival, seriously, as the carriage drove away. "How ridiculous you make yourself. Where is your pride?"

"Mother, I love him!" said the poor pale lips.

"He has treated you shamefully, Julia. He has driven you from his home, and almost made your name a by-word. Do be content to let him alone now, if you have any mercy on me!"

"Poor Edwin. He looks ill and unhappy!"

"Poor Edwin, indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Percival, in a paroxysm of virtuous indignation. "Julia, I wouldn't tell you of it before, but he has applied for a divorce!"

"Oh, mother—no! Anything but that!—anything but that!" She fell on her knees and clasped her hands.

"Julia, why *will* you be such a fool about that man?" said Mrs. Percival, angrily. "I did not tell you why I took you into the country in the dead of winter. It was to escape the scandal and noise of this proceeding. The divorce was granted yesterday."

"On what ground, mother," said Julia, turning very pale.

"Incompatibility of temper, and voluntary desertion," replied her mother, and the poor girl gave a sigh of relief, and sunk back into her seat. "Of course, if there had been any other reason you would have been obliged to go into court to defend yourself. But the divorce was granted in a western State, and I thought it was best to let the wretch have the benefit of all the scandal himself. You have more friends than ever, Julia, so don't feel bad.

"Not his wife! Not his wife any longer!" said the poor girl, in a bewildered kind of way.

"No—thank Heaven. You are Miss Percival, again. And now Julia, I insist upon your behaving properly. All your friends are on your side. To-night you must go to Mrs. Gray's ball; and if that wretch of a man is there we will show him that you can be happy in spite of him."

The carriage stopped as she ceased speaking, and a little news boy ran by, crying out—"Ere's the last divorce case."

"You see!" said her mother, vindictively.

The poor girl left the carriage slowly, leaning on her arm, and went up the steps of her own home, with a bitter pang at her heart.

"Do with me as you will," she murmured. "Only never let me hear his name again."

That night she was at the ball, surrounded by a troop of eager friends, and with the tall form of Travers ever by her side. She was magnificently dressed, and the rouge, placed for the first time upon her pale cheek, gave lustre to her dark eyes. Nods of encouragement, admiration and sympathy met her on every side; but she was cold and calm as marble. Only once her forced composure forsook her. Standing near her hostess, she was introduced to some new comer, by her maiden name. She started at the unfamiliar sound, and looking round met the eyes of her husband fixed full upon her. He, too, had heard it, and it was difficult to say which heart felt the keenest agony at that slight token of all she had renounced.

"Take me home—take me home—I am not well," she said feebly to her mother. Mrs. Percival beckoned to the ever-ready Travers, who led her from the room. He left her in the cloak-room and returned for her mother. The divorced wife sank into a chair and hid her face in her hands.

"Julia!" said a deep, low voice.

Her husband stood before her.

"Edwin! Edwin! Oh, thank God that I have seen you once more!"

She threw herself into the arms that were open to receive her. Tears fell fast from his eyes, as he gazed down upon her pale face. She had fainted and was lying on his bosom like a marble statue.

"My poor lamb—my pet child—oh, God forgive me if I have wronged you!" he groaned.

At this moment Mrs. Percival entered, accompanied by Travers, and both stood aghast at this unexpected sight. All the old bitter and angry feelings surged up in Fortescue's heart, as he saw his hated rival—and he laid the senseless Julia upon a couch, and faced them.

"I leave her with you," he said sternly. "As you deal with her, so may God deal with you. It is the last time I shall look upon her sweet face."

He bent over her and kissed her passionately, and left the room. Travers lifted her in his arms with a muttered oath, and bore her to her carriage. When she opened her eyes, after that long and death-like swoon, she was in her own chamber at home, with her mother by her side. She knew all then—she asked no questions, but sighed and closed her eyes. The bitterest pang she could ever feel was over!

Once recovered, the name of her husband never fell from her lips. She still went into society, and moved about, the very ghost of her former self. Tired of the never-ceasing importunities of her mother, and the assiduous attentions of Frederick Travers, she promised to marry him, and was left in peace till the time appointed for the nuptials arrived. Of Fortescue nothing was heard. He had left the city and gone on a long journey, no one knew whither. She never hoped to see his face again, and let them dispose of her future as they would, while she looked forward to the grave as the only place that could give her rest.

She sat in her chamber, alone, on the evening before her wedding day. A servant entered, and placed a letter upon the table. Some time elapsed before she roused herself sufficiently from her languid reverie to break the seal; but when she did, how great a change came over her. For this was what she read:

Miss Percival.—If you would see Mr. Fortescue alive, come at once to his house. The servant who gives you this has been bribed, and will bring you here. R. Hardynge.

It was the signature of her husband's confidential physician and most intimate friend. He had returned then—but how?

Dying! dying! And she had brought him to the grave! She rang her bell with startling energy, and the servant entered with his finger on his lip.

"Softly, Miss Julia, or they will guess everything. Will you go?"

"At once."

She threw a furred opera cloak around her, and followed him with feverish haste. They passed down the servants' stairs, and out at the servants' door. A carriage was waiting half a block off. In this he placed her, and springing to the box, drove swiftly through the streets till he halted before the princely home of Edwin Fortescue.

Like a spirit, she hurried up the steps, and past the silent servants who were gathered in the hall. The physician heard her light touch upon the latch, and came to meet her with his finger on his lip.

"Hush," he said. "Do not waken him for your life. The fever has left him, and he is asleep. If you waken him, he will surely die."

"But let me look at him—let me sit beside him, and I will hardly breathe," pleaded Julia. "I cannot bear this terrible suspense away from him."

"If I was sure——" began the physician, but his hand was snatched to her lips, and wetted with her tears, and he could say no more. His heart bled for one so young, and beautiful, and unhappy, and he led her to an easy chair beside the bed. It was a strange sight—that worn and shattered figure, with snow-white hair and sorrowful face, watched over by that young and lovely woman, whose costly dress, and jewels, and cloak of ermine, seemed so out of place in a sick room. But stranger still to reflect upon the mysterious tie that bound the two together. If ever, in his attachment for Edwin Fortescue, good Doctor Hardynge had censured the young wife, and called her heartless and unfeeling, he retracted those bitter judgments in his heart, when he saw her sitting so pale, and mute, and anxious, beside his bed. The great love she could not hide, atoned, in his eyes, for all.

The hours dragged their slow length along, like so many centuries. The breathing of the sick man grew easier and more profound, and Julia and the physician exchanged glances of hope and thanksgiving. At last, just as the faint dawn was breaking up into the eastern sky, he opened his eyes. Dr. Hardynge leaned forward with an anxious glance, and saw a faint smile dawn about his friend's lips.

"Saved! saved!" he exclaimed, joyfully. And Julia sank down upon her knees, and hid the burning tears that would have their way, while her heart gave praises to Him who had blessed her so.

Fortescue looked round with an anxious air, as her heavy sobs fell on his ear. His servants had been admitted by the overjoyed physician, to take one brief look at their dear master, brought back from the very portals of the grave—but they were smiling—it could not be them—and his thin hand trembled as he thought of one who would once have wept just so.

"Not a word—you must not speak," said the physician, as he whispered something to him. "But you may look as much as you please—there—there—God bless you, my dear old boy!"

He lifted Julia from her knees, and placed her hand in his. For a moment the old man seemed dumb with astonishment. Then he opened his arms, and hot tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Love! Darling! Is it you?" he murmured, as she sank upon his breast, and pressed her lips to his.

"Hang it—it's no use!" said the good doctor, whose eyes had been suspiciously full for some moments. "I can't help it—I must be a boy!" He sat down and cried heartily. There was not a dry eye in the room!

The fashionable world was thrown into a state of consternation, on that day, (which was to have witnessed Julia's second bridal,) by the tidings that she had returned to Mr. Fortescue's house, was reconciled to him, and remained to nurse him, after his dangerous illness. They wondered still more when the disappointed bridegroom, accompanied by Mrs. Percival, entered the drawing-room of one of their number that evening, as calm and self-possessed as ever. They played their parts to perfection, and the name of the lost daughter was never mentioned. But the next morning's paper announced the departure of Mr. F. Travers for the Holy Land, while Mrs. Percival's name was among the list of passengers for Europe.

Left thus to herself, it was not long before Julia stood a second time before the altar with Edwin Fortescue. Their vows were spoken earnestly and truthfully, and their second honeymoon was chastened by the sorrow that had obscured the first. But its light has never waned, and Julia, at this day, is as much the darling of her noble husband as when she first laid her graceful head upon his breast.

But oh, wives and husbands! How much of misery might have been spared these two, by a little exercise of gentleness and patience—a little sacrifice of pride!

No Fruit before Leaves.—An early acquaintance with human infirmities, or what is termed a knowledge of the world, is the surest way to contract the heart and damp the natural youthful ardor, which produces not only great talents, but great virtues. For the vain attempt to bring forth the *fruit* of experience before the sapling has thrown out its *leaves*, only exhausts its strength, and prevents its assuming a natural form, just as the form and strength of subsiding metals are injured when the attraction of cohesion is disturbed.

Children educated at home cannot have much real occasion for pocket-money; but when they are sent to school, they should be put upon an equal footing with their companions; otherwise we might run the hazard of introducing worse faults than extravagance, viz.: meanness and envy.

Boarding-Schools for girls may be compared to hot-beds, which bring plants quickly to their growth, without giving them their proper essence, healthfulness, or flavor.

A GOOD MOTHER.

A good mother, instead of being a woman of the world, leads as retired a life in her own house as a nun in her convent. We ought then to act in the same manner with regard to young women before they are married, as is customary with those who are to take the veil. Let them enjoy all the pleasures of the world before they renounce them, lest the false images their imaginations might portray of unknown pleasures, should one day lead their hearts astray and destroy the happiness of their retirement. Mothers, treat your daughters as your companions, cultivate in them good sense and an honest and upright heart, and then you need not conceal anything a modest woman may know.

Do not read your daughters long lectures on prudence and chastity, but make them feel that by fulfilling their duties they will ensure their own happiness. Show them that it is their interest to conduct themselves with propriety; teach them to distinguish between men of worth and men of the world; inspire them with respect for the one, and contempt for the other; let them wish to awaken love by meriting the esteem of the good; and by these means you will most effectually render them all you can desire.

Teach your daughters that both their happiness and the establishment of their rights as women will depend upon the fulfilment of their duties. Is it a hard task to love in order to be beloved? To make themselves agreeable that they may be happy? to render themselves estimable that they may be esteemed? to respect themselves that they may be respected by others? How charming, how engaging, how respectable are these rights! How dear to the heart of man when a woman knows how to exercise them properly! Nor is it necessary to wait for old age to enjoy them. *A woman's empire is coeval with her virtues.* Her beauty, her charms, her attractions, scarcely begin to open, ere she governs by that sweetness and that gentleness which render her modesty irresistible. The roughest, the most unfeeling man must be softened when in company with an amiable and sensible girl in the bloom of life, who speaks little but is attentive to what is said, whose manners are gentle, whose conversation is modest, whose beauty does not lead her to forget her sex or youth, who interests every one by her timidity, and who gains the esteem of the whole world by the respectfulness of her deportment.

Though we have said that a woman should be perfectly feminine, and attend to the duties of her sex, it does not follow that she is to be kept in a state of ignorance, or that her whole knowledge is to be confined to the management of the house. Shall man make a servant of his companion? Shall he deprive her of the pleasures of society, the more completely to enslave her? Shall he prevent her feeling or knowing anything? Shall he make her a mere automaton? Surely not. Nature did not mean it when she gave woman such acuteness and penetration. On the contrary, it is intended that they should think and judge for themselves, that they should have their attachments and aversions, that they should acquire knowledge, and adorn their understandings as well as their persons. These are the arms with which they are furnished to supply their want of strength, and to enable them to govern mankind. Women should learn many things, but these should be only such as are suitable and useful to them.

A young woman should endeavor, above all, to gain and preserve the esteem of her husband; she should not only wish him to love her, but to approve her conduct, and should publicly justify his choice by respect paid to his wife.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

The first use we should make of a child's reason, is to teach him to know God, and the truths of Christianity.

You may show a child a house, and make him comprehend that it cannot have built itself, or the stones have been raised, had no one carried them up; in proof of which you may show him masons and bricklayers at work. Then desire him to look at the heavens, the earth, and the numerous vegetable and animal productions which God has formed for the use of man, and say to him, "How much more beautiful is this world we inhabit than that house? Can the world, then, have made itself? No; God made it with his own hands."

To convince children that many things may exist which can neither be seen, heard, nor felt, ask them, "If it is not true that such a one is wise, and that another has a great deal of wit?" When they have answered, "Yes," say, "But have you ever seen his wisdom? Of what color is it? Have you heard it? Does it make much noise? Have you touched it? Is it cold or hot?" The child will laugh, as he would were you to ask him similar questions concerning spirits. He would be surprised if any one inquired what color a spirit is of, and whether it is round or square. You may then observe to him, that he knows many things really exist which he can neither see, feel, nor hear, and that these things are spiritual. But you must enter into these kinds of discussions with great caution. We only wish to suggest to you how to answer the questions of those children, whose curiosity and reasoning lead you to these objects against your will.

FACTS AND HINTS FOR WOMEN.

The health of children depends on the good constitution of their mothers; the early education of men depends upon the care of women; their morals, their passions, their tastes, their pleasures, their happiness itself depends on women; thus the education of women should always have a reference to men. To please them, to be useful to them, to make themselves beloved and honored by them, to advise them, to console them, to educate them while young, to take care of them when old, to render their lives agreeable; these are the duties of women in all times and in all places, and what they ought to learn from their infancy. Whatever does not lead to the fulfillment of these duties takes them out of their proper sphere, and all the precepts they are taught, which have not a reference to these, will promote neither their own happiness nor that of men.

But though all women wish to please the men, and though they all ought to wish it, yet there is a great difference between the desire of pleasing a truly worthy and amiable man, and the wish to be admired by those coxcombs and puppies, who are a disgrace both to their own sex and to that whose manners they endeavor to imitate. Nature and reason do not teach women to admire effeminate men, neither is it by copying the manners of men, that women can expect to be beloved. When women lay aside the modest and gentle manners of their sex, and assume the ridiculous airs of these dandies, instead of keeping in their proper sphere, they seem to have renounced it.

Generous and Selfish Minds.—A generous mind identifies itself with all around; but a selfish one identifies all things with self.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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LAW.

As we care for peaceful progress in civilization, especially under our voluntary, free form of government, we must stand by the laws of the land, general and local, be they good or bad, until they are peacefully done away by the machinery (legislation) that created them. One law defied, weakens all law. Better by far have the bad law rigorously enforced, than in any degree violently set at nought. Obedience to law, particularly law of man's own making, is one of the crowning glories of the human character. By the temper with which he bears the restraints or the oppressions of law, man's true enlightenment and strength may be known. Without perfect obedience to law, all is anarchy. Society is adrift, and the State without anchor. Indeed, there is no limit to the evils possible in a community where there is no recognized law, but the opinions, prejudices, and passions of the citizen. These, the strongest hand and the heaviest blow must rule. We speak of law in societies (like our own), where sure, peaceful remedies for unjust rule are near to the people, and where human dignity is best upheld by suffering a lesser evil, rather than create a greater. If

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

so should it be earth's and ours; and respected law is the soul of order. Without it, society is rent and scattered, and confusion and misery ensue. Even the worst despotism of deliberate law, is better than the fevered impulse and passion of mobs. Efface the bad law by the proper means, but woe to those who counsel riot while a shadow of other remedy is left. Bring law and its adjudicators (the courts) into contempt, and the State's bulwarks are gone. Man throttles and destroys himself amid the anarchies of lawless society. We speak on this subject because the times are provocative of serious counsel and warning. Let not this self-sovereign, law-making people disappoint the best political hope of the world, by showing themselves incapable of self-government. Already have we been on the verge of such an exhibition. We must look at our duty and destiny more sternly. We must bear much—aye, bear all from legislation, rather than appeal to tumultuary tribunals. Our safety lies here, and nowhere else. So teaches all history—all experience. Let us be wise, and be great. We can only be so by an ever firm maintenance of law—constitutional law!

GRUMBLERS.

The world is full of grumblers—a lazy, selfish crew, who want to get everything for nothing. Your grumbler spends the time, which should be employed in earnest, productive labor, in complaining of his ill luck, of the injustice of fate, of the partiality of fortune. If he is high in the social scale and sees a friend who has worked hard and amassed a fortune, preparing for a trip to Europe with his family, the grumbler wants to know why *he* can't go to Europe as well as other people? He says, in a general, censorious way, that if *he* should chose to do like *some folks*, he supposes *he* might also have fine houses, and spend his summers abroad.

The grumbler whose lot is cast among the poor, always turns green with envy and spite when he sees his industrious, hard-working neighbor enjoying any of the little social pleasantnesses of life, which, God knows, the poor have enough trouble to gain. When he hears that his neighbor, who commenced life neck and neck with him, has actually bought and paid for a house, the grumbler at once wants to know "where he got his money?" darkly hints that "it is doubtful if he will ever take much comfort in it!" and philosophically suggests that, "whether wealth does a man any good or not, depends very much on how he gets it."

We abominate grumblers. They are unspeakable nuisances.

PHRENOLOGY.—Some time ago, in answer to a correspondent, we promised our readers a series of editorials on this subject. We are now collecting the material for the articles; but are not yet prepared to write them. In the meantime, we refer those interested in the matter to the reply to "A MOTHER," in our "Notices to Correspondents" this week, for an *indication* of our views.

ORIGINAL POEMS will be found in our columns this week from the pens of the following distinguished writers: GEO. D. PRENTICE, JOHN G. SAXE, MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY, ALICE CARY, and CARLOS D. STUART.

RELIGION IN THE REPUBLIC.

Skeptics towards Christianity often, indeed almost perpetually, argue the weakness of its claims to divinity, or super-excellence, because of the great diversity of sects professing, and of creeds illustrating it. They hold, that if Christianity be of divine origin, it should and would unite all its devotees under one creed and in one sect, and thus create a perfect unity of Christians. Such, they contend, would be the result of an intelligent study of the principles of nature and the worship of its controlling spirit. How short-sighted and mistaken are all such views. If all men, seeking one object, were to rush over precisely the same track, there would be interminable confusion, disorder, and war.

In religion, as in everything else of importance to man, Providence seems to have wisely arranged that mankind shall seek certain ends, but shall run in various paths. The worst thing that could have happened to the world, and which bitterly affected it for ages, was the almost entire conversion, or subversion, of Christendom to the creed and rule of a certain sect. So vast a power and opportunity to gratify mortal ambition and desires, thrown into the hands of the comparatively few who trim and direct religious sects, could not fail of being turned, more or less, to vicious account.

We may thank our stars, that in our country the greatest diversity exists of and among religious sects, insomuch that no one sect is able to impose itself—in dogma or discipline—upon all or any of the other. No one has, or can get, a balance of power to re-enact the old drama of racking and burning heretics. Religionists, whenever strong enough, naturally aspire to temporal power. Their plea is "for God's sake," though they may have the devil's own ends in view. They want temporal powers ostensibly to spread religion, but in reality to magnify sectarianism and glorify self. The undue possession of power corrupts man in whatever guise he appears.

Civil liberty in this Republic will be safe just so long as the Church is broke into fragmentary sects. Danger will come only when one sect gets a preponderance of numerical force, and seeks to impose its spirit on unbelievers by the rule of temporal might. There is no danger of diverse religious sects ever uniting against "the world, the flesh, or the devil," for there are no such mutual good haters as differing creed-men. They would sooner leave the world to its own perdition, than be suspected of tolerating each other for any purpose. Hence we have a very safe state of things in regard to the empire and influence of religion. Its diversity of creeds divests it of temporal ambition, and in proportion as it recedes from temporality it gains in spiritual attitude and power.

GOOD ADVICE FROM A LORD.

BROUGHAM ON THE PRESS.—In the course of a discussion in the British House of Lords, on an article in the London Examiner, alleged to be a libel on Lord Plunkett, Bishop of Tuam, Lord Brougham remarked that, with regard to the article which had been read, it was, no doubt, strictly speaking, a breach of the privileges of their Lordships' House; but of what use would it be to contend with the press in such cases as these? He remembered, on one occasion his friend, Mr. Mariott, was represented in a newspaper as having said, at a public meeting in the city, that he would not go in procession to that "d——d old church," meaning some particular church in the city of London. He felt much annoyed at the circumstance, and wrote a letter to the editor, in which he stated that his actual words were, that he would not go into that "damp old church." (A laugh.) The next day there appeared in the newspaper a statement to this effect:—"We have given a place in our columns to the contradiction which Mr. Mariott has made; but, at the same time, we think it right to say that we have referred the matter to our reporter, who is certain that he used the words 'd——d old church,' and to add that we have the most perfect confidence in the accuracy of our reporter." (Great laughter.) The gentleman complained to him of that treatment, and he (Lord Brougham) recommended him in future not to be too hasty in contradicting any statement that might appear in a newspaper (hear, hear).

Lord Brougham is right; and the advice he gave Mr. Mariott could be followed with advantage by everybody who is unjustly villified by a class of editors who prostitute the press to the gratification of their own personal and malignant feelings. Such attacks, it is always best to treat with utter silence. An honest man's life is his best vindication. Whoever and whatever is really and intrinsically good, and upright, and noble, *will* come out right and triumphant in the end. Let every man be true to himself, to his family, his country and his God, and it *must* follow that his life will in the main be successful, and certainly triumphant in its close, where triumph is worth the most. Therefore, dear reader, always endeavor to ascertain what is *right*—and having ascertained it, always do *right*—always love the *right*—always cultivate the *right*—always stick to the *right*—and then preserve your equanimity—maintain a calm and perfect indifference, though all your enemies should combine to misrepresent, assail and villify you. Be alike indifferent whether they abuse or praise you. Do not be cast down by the one nor elevated by the other.

"True happiness is to no spot confin'd,
If you preserve a firm and equal mind,
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis everywhere."

MARY PATTEN, THE OCEAN HEROINE.

Most of our readers have heard of Mrs. Patten, the heroic young wife, who last autumn brought her husband's ship round Cape Horn, home from the Pacific. The Honorable Edward Everett, in his recent lecture at Cambridge, alluding to some of the heroes and heroines of peace, after naming Howard, the philanthropist, Dr. Kane and Florence Nightingale, pays the following eloquent and affecting tribute to our favorite heroine:

> "Witness our not less heroic country woman, Mary Patten, whose name is hardly known to the public, the wife of a merchant ship-master, who far off on the lonely Pacific, with no eye to witness, and no voice to cheer her, when her husband was taken down by illness, now tended him in his cabin, as none but a devoted wife can tend a stricken husband now took his place on the quarter deck of his forlorn vessel; took her observation every day with the sextant, laid down the ship's course on the chart, cheered and encouraged the desponding crew, arrested the mutinous chief mate who was for creeping into the nearest port, and who, on the score of seamanship alone, was not worthy to kiss the dust beneath the feet of the lion-hearted little woman; and who, poor young wife as she was, hardly twenty years of age, and already overshadowed by the sacred primal sorrow of her sex, yet, with a strong will and a stout heart, steered her husband's vessel through storm and through calm, from Cape Horn to San Francisco."

Our readers will doubtless conclude that the name of this heroic woman is worthy of being sent down to posterity, side by side with that of Barbara Brande.

MISTAKES OF PARENTS.—Parents often make pernicious mistakes in not treating their children with *generosity* and *frankness*. When a child's better nature is appealed to, it seldom fails to respond in a harmonious manner. A boy who is lovingly "put upon his honor," will seldom fail to exhibit a proper sense of his position and a due appreciation of the trust reposed in him. Many a boy, who, crushed by ignorant tyranny, has developed into a lying vagabond and rowdy, might have been won to a noble career by fostering love, enlightened generosity, and judicious control.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"MOTHER'S ROOM."

Mother's room! How we look back to it in after years, when she who sanctified it is herself among the sanctified. How well we remember the ample cushioned chair, with its all-embracing arms, none the worse in our eyes for having rocked to sleep so many little forms now scattered far and wide, divided from us perhaps by barriers more impassable than the cold, blue sea. Mother's room—where the sun shone in so cheerily upon the flowering plants in the low, old-fashioned window seats, which seemed to bud and blossom at the least touch of her caressing fingers; on which no blight or mildew ever came, no more than on the love which outlived all our childish waywardness, all our childish folly. The cozy sofa upon which childish feet were never forbidden to climb; upon which curly heads could dream, unchidden, the fairy dreams of childhood. The closet which garnered tops, and dolls, and kites, and whips, and toys, and upon whose upper shelf was that infallible, old-fashioned panacea for infancy's aches and pains—brimstone and molasses! The basket, too, where was always the very string we wanted; the light-stand round which we gathered, and threaded needles (would we had threaded thousands more) for eyes dimmed in our service; and the cheerful face that smiled across it such loving thanks.

Mother's room! where our matronly feet returned when *we* were mothers; where we lifted our little ones to kiss the wrinkled face, beautiful with its halo of goodness; where we looked on well pleased to see the golden locks we worshipped, mingling lovingly with the silver hairs; where—as the fond grand-mamma produced in alarming profusion, cakes and candy for the little pets, we laughingly reminded her of *our* baby days, when she wisely told us such things were "unwholesome;" where *our* baby caps, yellow with time, ferreted from some odd bag or closet, were tried on our own babies' heads, and we sat, wondering where the months and years had flown between then and now;—and looking forward, half-sighing, to just such a picture, when we should play, what seemed to us now with our smooth skins, round limbs, and glossy locks, such an impossible part.

Mother's room! where we watched beside her patient sick-bed through the long night, gazing hopelessly at the flickering taper, listening to the pain-extorted groan, which no human skill, no human love, could avert or relieve; waiting with her the dawning of that eternal day, seen through a mist of tears, bounded by no night.

Mother's room! where the mocking light strayed in through the half-opened shutters, upon her who, for the first time, was blind to our tears, and deaf to our cries; where busy memory could bring back to us no look, no word, no tone, no act of hers, not freighted with godlike love. Alas!—alas for us then, if turning the tablets, she showed us this long debt of love unappreciated—unpaid!

FANNY FERN.

A HOT DAY.

Sissing fry-pans, and collapsed flapjacks, what a hot day! Not a breath of air stirring, and mine almost gone. Fans enough, but no nerve to wield 'em. Food enough, but no strength to chew it. Chairs hot; sofa hotter; bed hotest. Sun on the back stoop; sun on the front stoop; and hot neighbors on both sides. Kittens mewing; red-nosed babies crying, poor little Hot-ten-tots! dogs dragging about with protruding tongues and inquiring tails; cockerels feebly essaying to crow. Everything sticky, and flabby, and limpsy. Can't read; can't sew; can't write; can't talk; can't walk; can't even sleep; hate everybody who passes through the room to make it hotter.

Now, just see that fly. If I have knocked her off my nose once, I have done it forty times; nothing will serve her but the bridge of my nose. I say *her*, because I am sure it is a female, on account of its extraordinary and spiteful persistence.

"Will I have anything to drink?" No. Wine heats me; lemonade sours me; water perspires me. "Will I have the blinds closed?" No. "Will I have 'em open?" No. "What *will* I have?" Well—if there's an old maid to be had, for Heaven's sake, walk her through this room to cool it. "What will I have for dinner?" Now, isn't that the last drop in my brimming cup? Dinner, indeed! Soup hot; fish hot; beef hot; mutton hot; chicken hot;—ugh! Hot potatoes; hot squash; hot peas; hot pudding; hot children;—ugh! Tell that butcher to make his will, or get out of my kitchen. "Lady down stairs wishes to see me?" In the name of Adam and Eve, take all my dresses off the pegs, and show her—but don't believe I'd be so mad as to get into them for anybody living.

FANNY FERN.

TO MARRIED FOLKS.

If married people would be happy, they must inflexibly *see through each other*; they must know each other's faults and understand each other's weaknesses, and then learn to bear with and help mutually to eradicate them. Many husbands and wives foolishly fancy that they "should be blind to each other's faults;" but this is a pernicious fallacy; they can't be blind to them. Their faults will be constantly bubbling and bursting out, and at the most inconvenient and annoying conjunctures, too. The only proper way is clearly to see each other's faults, and then lovingly correct and generously forgive them. If a man only loves his wife for her pleasant and attractive qualities, what does he more than another? Anybody would love her for them. *A husband should love his wife—faults and all*; and the wife should reciprocate the affection.

This idea of "going it blind" in the marriage relation—this ostrich-like attempt to thrust the conjugal head in the domestic sand, is utterly foolish and unphilosophical, and cannot fail to be attended with deplorable results. No woman living is an angel—(at least not after the expiration of the honeymoon)—nor is any live man overstocked with goodness. Trials and troubles abound; dishonest debtors, envious and malicious competitors, aching heads, smarting corns, indigestion, tight boots and smoking chimneys are too much for man and woman, married or single. Therefore, ye husbands and wives who would be the happiest of your race, shew yourselves to each other as you really are, honestly understand each other's character, practice the most loving forbearance, and mutually help to bear each other's burdens; but let us have no "going it blind"—no ostrich artifices—no attempts to blink the inevitable facts of nature, as you value your prosperity and happiness.

A BOY named Gatchell, residing in Clinton county in this State, was recently attacked in the woods of his father's farm, by a large catamount, and so severely scratched and bitten, before his cries brought assistance, that his life is despaired of.

IMMIGRATION.

Scores of thousands—and, some years, hundreds of thousands of Europeans are annually immigrating to the United States. If the number were doubled or trebled, there would still be room and welcome for all. The New World sends greeting and invitation to the Old. Let us, however, have a word with the emigrant. There is a fair field in the United States for every honest, industrious European who chooses to come hither. But the emigrant must consider that what is true of cities in Europe, is true of ours—they offer no rational chances of labor for the poor man. Cities everywhere are overrun, and all kinds of employment are more or less debased and cheapened there by competition. It is to our *country* that we invite our oppressed and suffering brethren of the Old World. To our farm-fields, railways, canals, mines, and a thousand varieties of labor, each honorable and respected, and conferring plenty and competence upon the honest, industrious working man. Keep away from the cities, in coming to America. It is quite enough to land in them. They are full of harpies, many of them sharpers from the Old World, who lie in wait to swindle their countrymen. Once in the *country*, the emigrant is safe. With or without trades, there is no fear of coming to want, if one has health and disposition to do. How many millions of dollars have our adopted citizens been enabled to send back to the fatherlands to bring fresh legions of glad hearts and stalwart arms to our shores. How many of these, in our free land, have risen from poverty to wealth—to freedom of thought, speech, action—under our institutions, which respect the man, and not the class or rank—under our schools, diffused everywhere to crush out caste, and level all but moral and intellectual distinctions. With brave heart and hand, the poorest denizen of the Old World may look forward to competence in America. His children shall grow up around him, educated and honored, knowing no difference between the peasant and the prince. Everything invites hither the industrial classes of the Old World. If they have trades, it is all the better; but with only a disposition to well use stout hands, their way is clear. High wages and cheap land, bid them come. Free political institutions and universal schooling, bid them come. From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, vast spaces of unoccupied territory, bid them come. A thousand enterprises requiring, and well requiting, their toil, bid them come. The passage of the Atlantic is become quick and cheap. The avenues to better condition are everywhere open. Our people are hospitable and generous—our soil and climate—for so vast a territory—the finest on the globe. Come, then, down-trodden and oppressed peoples. There is space for you all, even though Europe were to depopulate herself. Come to our *country*, and your stout hands and honest hearts shall be crowned with happiness and plenty.

ASTOUNDING GREENNESS.

The greenness and folly of some people are utterly astounding. For example: A few evenings since a merchant from Illinois took a stroll with a couple of "friends," (whose acquaintance he had made only the day previous, at the hotel where he was stopping, and whom we will designate as Mr. A. and Mr. B.,) to see the worst side of New York life, which is also the most fascinating side to verdant and prurient minds. After visiting certain nameless houses, and partaking of their bad champagne and other bogus delights, they stopped in at a theatre. While there the two "friends" got into a dispute in regard to the relative merits of Shakespeare's plays, and Mr. A. incidentally remarked that the great dramatist had often expressed much regret at not having been able to make the personal acquaintance of Washington, whom he highly esteemed. This remark was received with an explosion of laughter by the speaker's comrades, the Illinoian seeming to be especially diverted thereby. This led to a dispute as to the century in which Shakespeare lived. A. doggedly maintained that he was a cotemporary of Washington, while B. and the merchant scoffed at the idea, and at A.'s ignorance. The latter became so enraged, at last, that he pulled out his pocket-book, and taking ten one-hundred-dollar bills therefrom, offered to bet a thousand dollars that he was right. B. at once accepted the wager, but on examining his wallet he discovered that "he had unluckily left the most of his money at the hotel." He could only raise $250; but the bet was a "sure thing," and so he asked the merchant to lend him the $750, and go halves in the speculation. This the merchant eagerly did, and the stakes were deposited in the hands of a "Mr. Montague," who happened to be standing near by, and whom Messrs. A. and B. knew intimately. All parties then started for the theatre saloon, where the bet was to be decided, B. and the merchant being in advance. The latter reached the saloon and waited some minutes for A. and Mr. Montague, who, not appearing, B. set out to look for them, leaving our Illinois friend to look at "the pictures" meanwhile. He looked at the pictures a long time, and finally growing uneasy, he looked for A., B., and Montague, but found them not, nor any tidings of them. He rushed to his hotel, but they were not there, nor did the clerk know anything about them. No such people had ever had rooms there at all. The merchant then told his story. The clerk listened to it patiently, and quietly said, "You will never see those fellows again. They've done you brown and buttered you on both sides, and now if you don't look sharp the rest of the gang will eat you alive!" The merchant hurried through his business, and hastened home as speedily as possible, feeling that there was no safety for him except in a community where everybody knows that Shakespeare was not a cotemporary of Washington.

THE GALA DAYS OF VILLAINY.

Ruffianism has held high carnival in New York these many days. Rowdies and villains, high in authority and low in honesty, have struck hands with the offscourings of creation; and the confederates have howled in unison at the righteous enforcement of the law, and revelled together in the muck of their own foulness over its temporary defeat. The *scum* of society has fraternized with its *sediment*, and the compound thus formed is permeating every channel and befouling every department of the public administration of the municipal affairs of the Metropolis of America.

In whatever aspect we view this state of things it presents melancholy and humiliating phenomena: on the one hand audacious, resolute, and courageous villainy; and on the other hand a puerile, vacillating, disgusting pusillanimity. Oh, for an honest, brave and executive man—a Napoleon or a Jackson, to blow these knaves and sneaks into one indiscriminate mass of carrion, so they could be buried out of the sight of men, and no longer offend the eyes and consciences of decent people.

FRIENDS.—Our friends always wish us to be something which we are not; it is only our enemies that wish us to remain as we are.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

IT is sometimes almost as amusing as painful to observe the effects of the prevalence of cholera in a community. Even the tailors abjure cabbage. People look black upon everything green, eschewing the salads they once chewed with delight. As to fruits, it is fruitless to put them on the table; every apple is a forbidden one; the dessert is deserted; currants are no longer current; it is dangerous to pare a pair; and still more so to pine for pine. Some forsake their French wines and take to Port as the only safe harbor; others give up their spirits at the very moment they most want to keep them up; and a few pay unusual attention to their tempers from having been cautioned against everything liable to turn sour.

A GREAT many critics, in proportion as they lower an author beneath his fair standard while living, will raise him above it after death to make his survivors look small. They tear the laurels from your head to hang them on your tomb. Your winding sheet is the only one they find no fault with. They hasten your death, and then do their best to make you live.

A DISTINGUISHED physician says in one of his popular lectures, whilst speaking of brass bands, that the man who blows the large brass horn is never known to live more than three years." This may explain why noisy politicians are short-lived, though they certainly live quite long enough.

IN some parts of the country the ladies, it is said, have discarded short dresses and are going to the opposite extreme. Their dresses are long and getting continually longer. If the reaction goes much further, the ladies will look as if designed, like locomotives, simply to drag *trains*.

A WRITER in the Railroad Magazine says that "no macadamized road is fit for use till firmly cemented by continued travel." "Och," said a son of Erin, "I shall never be able to put these boots on till I have worn them a week."

A CORRESPONDENT of a Medical journal suggests that hanging can be so done as to prevent any feeling of pain. The inventor, we hope, will have too much regard for the public morals to carry his improvements so far as to render it a luxury.

IT is stated that a great many wolves have made their appearance in Arkansas during the present season. A large number have made their appearance in our neighborhood, too, but they come for the most part "in sheep's clothing."

SOME envious editors are speculating upon the secret of the astonishing success of the New York Ledger. Probably they had better content themselves by ascribing the whole to Leger-demain.

FLATTERY is a much more difficult weapon to wield than many imagine. It is like a flail, which, if awkwardly used, may, instead of hitting the ears of corn, soundly box your own.

AN English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve "married a gardener." It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

A TEXAS editor says rather fiercely to his neighbor, that he endeavors at least to "have a decent regard for externals." He never, we are told, had much for his internals. He has been burning them up for years.

"WHAT'S to pay?" asked a customer after finishing his breakfast. "What have you had, sir?" Three fishes." "Brought up only two, sir." "I had three, two trout—*and one smelt*."

WE once heard an old, red-faced doctor say, that he never in his life knew a man to die of drinking. "Some puny things," said he, "die of *learning* to drink, but no man ever dies of drinking."

AN acrimonious discussion is going on as to "whether the Bible should be revised or let alone." We are afraid that most people in this wicked generation let it alone.

ALMOST every political editor assures his readers that his aim is to cultivate friendly relations with his cotemporaries. If that is his aim, he generally proves a bad marksman.

THE poor fellow who has a reputation to maintain, has a ravenous wild beast in his house, which he must constantly feed, or it will feed upon him.

OFTEN when the body is decaying, a superior spirit seems to come and dwell within it, as houses are said to be haunted when they are forsaken and desolate.

PERSONS "cured" by quacks should be in haste to give their certificates to that effect. They generally die very soon afterwards.

A FELLOW who thinks himself very smart, says in his columns that he never *lends* himself to party hacks. We presume he prefers *selling*.

WE see that some of the telegraphic lines are getting up a competition in prices. If they undertake to make the lightning work too cheap, it may *strike*.

A YOUNG thief, charged with picking pockets, protested that he didn't pick them at all but took them just as they came.

"Is molasses good for a cough?" inquired a chap with a slight cold. "It ought to be," was the reply; "it is sold for consumption."

"WHY haven't you brought back the umbrella you borrowed of me, Sam?" "Ah, father always told me to lay up something for a rainy day."

CURRENT ITEMS.

AN aged man, named Root, living in Wisconsin, some time since deeded his property to his son-in-law, a Mr. Foster, on condition that the old gentleman and his wife should be amply taken care of as long as they lived. A short time after, the aged couple were taken suddenly and violently ill. Mr. Root at once supposed they had been poisoned, and himself drank an inordinate quantity of milk, which he thinks neutralized the poison and saved his life, but his wife died and was buried. As soon as the old man got well, he insisted on having the body of his wife disinterred, for the purpose of a post-mortem examination. Foster resisted his wishes; they got into a furious quarrel, and the old man shot his son-in-law dead on the spot. So much for a man's carrying out his will before his death.

A YOUNG man in England lately had a needle penetrate his breast and enter his heart, breaking short off and leaving about three-fourths of an inch of the steel in the muscles. To extract this, the operating surgeon laid bare the surface of the heart, and the portion of the needle was drawn out by forceps. Inflammation had set in; but it is regarded as a most uncommon operation and singular accident, showing that even the heart itself may sustain a sharp wound without death immediately following.

A YOUNG man named Griswold, who was hunting in the woods near Huron, Ohio, being unable to draw his ramrod from his gun by the ordinary means, strapped the breech to a tree, and then took hold of the protruding ramrod, and commenced tugging away to withdraw it, notwithstanding the expostulations of his comrades. While thus engaged, the gun was discharged, and the ramrod passed directly through his heart.

IT is said that a wealthy merchant of London having lately put in his window a notice declaring that the proprietor of the establishment wished to enter the marriage state with a young woman or a widow, his store has since been thronged with fair customers, who linger long, and trade liberally; but the crafty merchant has not yet been able to suit his matrimonial fancy.

A MAN in Milwaukee recently kissed a Dutchman's wife, on the sidewalk. The husband was present and saw the act, but was so mad, as he said, he could do nothing. But the lady, who weighed 250 lbs., knocked the kisser down. The husband afterwards prosecuted him, and the jury rendered a verdict of $3, damages, and costs.

AS the children of Dr. Berleson, of this city, were playing through the house a few days ago, running from room to room and slamming the doors after them, a little girl, some three years of age, stumbled and fell on one of the thresholds just as the door slammed-to with great force, and her neck being caught between the door and the jamb was instantly broken.

WHILE several boys were swimming off the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a few evenings ago, one of them named Browton, about fourteen years old, suddenly gave a shriek and sunk beneath the surface. His companions hastened to the spot, but their comrade had disappeared, and did not rise again.

A FARMER in Massachusetts whose apple-trees bore fruit of the intensest sourness, thought he could sweeten it by manuring the roots of the trees with molasses; but, after a thorough trial, he announces the experiment to have been a total failure.

A NEW invention, called "fire-shutters," has recently been introduced for use on fire-places. When partially drawn down, it operates as a powerful blower, and when completely closed, it at once shuts out the heat, and soon extinguishes the fire.

CLARA TO CLOE:

An Epistle from a City Lady to a Country Cousin.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Dear Cloe:—I'm deeply your debtor,
(Though the mail was uncommonly slow,)
For the very agreeable letter
You wrote me a fortnight ago.
I know you are eagerly waiting
For all that I promised to write,
But my pen is unequal to stating
One half that my heart would indite.

The weather is terribly torrid;
And writing's a serious task;
The new style of bonnet is horrid;
And so is the new-fashioned *basque*;
The former—but language would fail
Were its epithets doubly as strong—
The latter is worn with a tail,
Very ugly, and tediously long!

And then as to *crinoline*—Gracious!
If you only could see cousin Ruth—
The pictures, for once, are veracious,
And editors utter the truth!
I know you will think it a pity;
And every one makes such a sneer of it;
But there is n't a saint in the city
Whose skirts are entirely clear of it!

And then what a fortune of stuff
To cover the skeleton over!—
Charles says the idea is enough
To frighten a sensible lover;
And, pretending that we are to blame
For every financial declension,
Swears husbands must soon do the same,
If wives have another "extension!"

The town is exceedingly dull,
And so is the latest new farce;
The parks are uncommonly full,
And beaux are deplorably scarce
They are gone to the "Springs" and the "Falls,"
To exhibit their grey-hounds and graces,
And recruit at,—what somebody calls,—
The brandy-and-Watering Places!

Since my former epistle, which carried
The news of that curious plot;
Of Miss S. who ran off and was married;
Of Miss B. who ran off and—was not,—
There isn't a whisper of scandal
To keep gentle ladies in humor,
And Gossip, the pleasant old vandal,
Is dying for want of a rumor! Clara.

P. S. But was n't it funny?—
Mrs. Jones, at a party last week,
(The lady so proud of her money,
Of whom you have oft heard me speak)
Appeared so delightfully stupid,
When she spoke, through the squeak of her phthisic,
Of the statue of Psyche and Cupid,
As "the *statute of Cuppid and Physic!*" C.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE EVENING FEAST.

"Come to the festal board to-night,
For bright-eyed beauty will be there,
Her coral lips in nectar steeped,
And garlanded her hair.

But where is she whose diamond eyes
Golconda's purest gems outshone?
Whose roseate lips of Eden breathed,
Say, where is she, the beauteous one?"
Thomas Dunn English.

The gentlemen then went to the drawing room, whither Lady Morelle, in full dinner dress, had already preceded them. And here Lord Montressor learned that other guests were then staying at the house—a fact that he never could have supposed from the gloomy aspect of the place. However they were soon joined by her grace, the old Dutchess of Graveminster, with her grand-daughter, the ladies Jane and Mary Chappelle, and oh! "tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the gates of Askelon!"—by Lord and Lady Monson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kennaugh, and Mrs. Bute Trevor!—ladies who, in Lady Bannerman's boudoir, had been the most unspairing in their denunciation of the beautiful Estelle, the only daughter of that house, whose hospitality they now sought! Does the reader wonder at this? No he does not! He or she knows this double dealing to be the way of too many people in this world of ours, and will not therefore wonder even when I affirm that these were almost self-invited guests, a party made up to please themselves, and through the medium of the Dutchess of Graveminster, all but forced upon the hospitalities of Hyde Hall. For in truth, neither the baronet nor his lady were in the slightest degree disposed to entertain a Christmas party at their sorrowful house.

Late in the afternoon Lord Montressor's valet came in a post-chaise from the "Morelle Arms," with his master's portmanteau and dressing case—conveniences that were growing imminently necessary, for in truth his lordship's toilet, by reason of his hasty journey, was in a very unlordly plight.

A little later in the evening Lord Dazzleright arrived by the carriage that had been sent for him, and just in time to dress for dinner.

That Christmas feast was served by candle light at six o'clock.

A distinguished company gathered around the board, but something was felt to be wanting! Where was she, the heiress of that house, the father's pride, who should have been the "star of that goodlie companie?" Missing, gone, lost! And though many splendid chandeliers flashed down their rainbow radiance over the festive scene, they would not compensate for that light withdrawn. All felt the gloom and shadow of her absence. And very dull would have been this dinner party, but for the presence of the brilliant conversationist, Baron Dazzleright. Sir Parke Morelle understood his value upon these occasions, and therefore, when in a manner compelled to invite this Christmas party to his gloomy house, had, for this reason, among others, pressed Lord Dazzleright to come down to Hyde. Witty, sparkling, sarcastic, caustic, he was the right sort of biting acid to throw into the alkali of this flat set, to sting them into life and effervescence. And he did it. The conversation prospered—the jest, the jibe, the repartee, and the laugh went around. When the ladies had retired from the table, the festivity turned to revelry, and laughter, song, and toast went around for an hour longer.

Then, in good time, they joined Lady Morelle and her companions in the drawing-room, where coffee was served. And there still was Lord Dazzleright "the life of the company." He was but thirty-five years old, handsome, talented, witty, distinguished, wealthy, titled, and—unmarried! consequently he was the worshipped of all young widows, virgins, and manœuvring mammas. In the first part of the evening he distributed his services very equally among the ladies present; but, in the latter part, divided his attentions between the two ladies Chappelle; and, last of all, confined his devotions to the pretty widow, Mrs. Bute Trevor.

When the hour for retiring had arrived, Lord Dazzleright bowed out every guest before he bid Sir Parke and Lady Morelle good night. And after these Herculean labors, these unheard-of exertions, he bowed *himself* out, and, with a weary air, followed up stairs the footman who was appointed to show him his sleeping-room.

"Where is Lord Montressor's chamber?" he inquired of this functionary, as soon as he had dragged himself up one flight of stairs, and paused in the hall of the second floor.

"There, sir, just opposite your own," replied John.

"Go, then, you needn't wait."

John touched his forelock and retired.

"Let me in! Let me in!" exclaimed the lion of the evening, roaring rather peremptorily at the door of Lord Montressor's apartment.

His lordship himself opened the door, and appeared with a look of surprise on his face.

"What! has your fellow gone to bed, Montressor?"

"He has not come up from the servant's hall yet. But what upon earth ails you?—fatigued with your exertions, or borne down under the weight of your laurels—which? You look, at once, as weary and as triumphant as 'a warrior who putteth off his armor.' What is it?" inquired Montressor.

Dazzleright threw himself into a chair, exclaiming—

"Oh! these women! these women!"

"What women?"

"These fine ladies! It is a weariness of the soul to try to entertain them for one evening!"

"Ah! and now I look at you more closely, it is not triumphant but desperate that you look."

"I am just a little excited! and if some of these are not taken away to-morrow morning I shall elope!—that is all!" exclaimed Dazzleright, drawing out his pocket handkerchief, and wiping his heated brow.

THE INTRODUCTION OF LORD DAZZLERIGHT TO BARBARA BRANDE.

"With whom?" coolly inquired Lord Montressor.

"Montressor, don't aggravate my symptoms! I am in a considerable state of nervous excitement."

"The truth is, that you suffer from what the French wittily call 'the embarrassment of riches.' You do not know how to choose between the fair Lady Jane or Mary Chappelle, and the pretty Mrs. Bute Trevor.

"Where are my pistols? If I had them at hand I might do something indiscreet!—the ladies Chappelle and Mrs. Bute Trevor! two inane, characterless girls, and a flat, spiritless widow! I had as lief wed one of Madame Toussaud's wax images as either!"

"You are severe! they are what are called 'harmoniously developed women,' answered Lord Montressor, with the least possible of quiet humor.

"Then, in the name of all life, give me monsters!" broke forth Dazzleright, with energy. "Bah—bah—bah—bah! they are as like each other, and as like all their class, as peas in a pod. I beg the peas' pardon!—peas have life—these women are as uniform, as dull, as dead, and as heavy as leaden bullets from the same mould; with no more originality, individuality, life, power, than the leaden balls aforesaid! By my soul, they are so uniform, that each should be ticketed with her name, that we may know her from her fellows."

"Chut! you have received a flat from Lady Jane or Mary Chappelle!" laughed Lord Montressor.

"*I* received a flat! No! and I never shall, from any fine lady! I have been trying to entertain a score of flats, that's it!"

"You will marry Mrs. Bute Trevor yet!" persisted Lord Montressor.

"I'll marry an Indian squaw! Civilized women are degenerated—besides, being so much alike, that I can't tell one from another!" exclaimed Dazzleright, bouncing out of the room.

The next day was the Sabbath, and the family and their visitors attended divine service at the little Gothic chapel outside the park gate.

On Monday Lord Dazzleright put his threat in execution, and rather than spend another evening in the arduous and unprofitable labor of trying to leaven lead, took leave of his friends and departed, telling no one the fact that imperative business called him back to town.

On the second of January, the Christmas party broke up, and the guests left the sombre shades of Hyde Hall, to seek more cheerful scenes.

On the evening of the same date, Lord Montressor, accompanied by Sir Parke Morelle, took the up train to London, where they arrived the next morning at day break, and proceeded immediately by appointment, to the house of Lord Dazzleright, on Berkeley square.

It was time they had come. The Arches Court was sitting, and the question of the L'Orient marriage was before it. Sir Parke Morelle used all his powerful connection and social influence, and Lord Dazzleright devoted his great legal abilities to bring about the desired decision. And after a session of ten days—shall we also say, after a deliberate, careful and impartial investigation?—that decison was rendered.

That decision established the validity of the marriage.

Lord Dazzleright laughed aloud when he heard it.

Sir Parke Morelle received the news with the composure of a man who was prepared to expect nothing else.

But Lord Montressor turned pale—he was thinking how perilously uncertain are the dearest interests in life, when their permanency may be shown to depend upon the merest legal quibbles! he was remembering how nearly, in his blind devotion, he had fatally compromised Estelle; he was thanking Heaven that her pure instinct had been a safer guide than all his power of intellect!

The three gentlemen consulted upon the question of what should be their next step. All agreed that it was better they should wait no longer to hear from the agent who had been dispatched to America in quest of Estelle; but that Lord Montressor should get all the information he could possibly obtain from Barbara Brande; after which his lordship should accompany Sir Parke Morelle on a voyage to the United States in search of the missing one.

This plan having been determined upon, Sir Parke hurried down into Devonshire, to have his wardrobe packed up, his purse replenished, and to bid adieu to his lady; meanwhile leaving Lord Montressor in London to wait for Barbara Brande, whose vessel had crossed the channel, but was daily expected back.

Almost every day Lord Montressor went down to St. Catherine's Docks to inquire for the Petrel. At length his perseverance was rewarded.

One day he went down to the dock, accompanied by Lord Dazzleright, and was so fortunate as to spy the Petrel anchored some distance down the river.

Hailing a waterman he hired his boat to take himself and friend to that vessel. They entered the boat, and in a very few minutes were rowed out and brought up alongside the little craft.

The Petrel, as usual, was in the nicest possible trim. Her snow-white sails were neatly clewed up; her clean ropes were carefully coiled away; her deck was newly scrubbed; her painted doors and ports freshly washed, and very bright; and every scrap of mettle about her body shining like gold and silver. A Sabbath stillness reigned aboard. Two boys, neatly dressed in sailor's costume, had charge of the deck.

As Lord Montressor and his friend came up the starboard gangway, the elder of these boys walked forward and took off his hat.

"Ah! this is my friend, Willful Brande," said Lord Montressor, taking his hand, cordially shaking it, and then presenting him to Lord Dazzleright.

"Where is your sister, my lad?" inquired Montressor.

"Gone up to Manchester to see if she can make a better bargain for cotton goods with the manufacturers."

"Indeed! Why, when did she go?"

"Yesterday morning."

"Really? Why, I thought that you were just in?"

"No, sir; we cast anchor yesterday at sunrise. Sister left for Manchester at about eleven o'clock."

"And when do you expect her home?"

"Every moment. She promised to be back today by the mid-day train, and sister never disappoints us. It is now past noon, and we may look for her every minute. There she is now! I said so!" exclaimed the boy, in sudden joy, pointing to a boat well laden, and having, beside, one female passenger, and which was just pushing off from the shore.

They followed the direction of his finger, and recognized Barbara seated among many bales of what seemed dry goods.

"Who takes care of the craft while your sister is away?"

"I do—but Nep. and Jack do any heavy work that is needed; and Climene, sister's woman-servant, cooks for us. And then sister never leaves us for more than one day at a time."

Lord Montressor now went to speak to the younger lad, who was sitting under the shade of the foresail, reading.

"What are you studying, my lad?"

"It is," said the boy, turning to the back of the book to give the title more accurately, "'The Manners and Customs of Different Nations,' a book that Mrs. Estel's woman made me a present of."

"Mrs. Estel!" exclaimed Lord Montressor, exchanging glances with Dazzleright, who had just come up to his side.

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Estel—the lady who leased the Headland from sister."

A sudden light broke on both gentlemen.

"Fool that I was not to have guessed before that the recluse lady, who was Miss Brande's tenant, could have been none other than our lost Estelle!" said Lord Montressor to himself.

He took Dazzleright's arm and walked aft.

"There will now be no necessity to urge Miss Brande to a revelation that she might consider a breach of faith, and refuse to make. Providence has put us in possession of the retreat of Estelle. We will therefore make no farther inquiries upon that subject; but engage passage to Baltimore, and when we get opposite to the Headland, go on shore to seek Estelle in the old house."

"Yes, that is a good plan—— Look at that fine creature!" exclaimed Lord Dazzleright, suddenly breaking off and pointing to a young woman in a grey serge dress, who was just coming up the starboard gangway.

It was Barbara Brande, who was looking in high health and beauty. No adventitious arts of the toilet lent their aid to this brave and gentle daughter of the ocean—a gown, a large sacque and hood, all of dark grey, comprised her outside garments. But the hood was rolled back, revealing the handsome, spirited face, with its bands of shining, jet black hair, parted and rippling in waves down each side her broad forehead and damask cheeks, and the strong, flashing black eyes, that at a glance seemed to take in the whole deck with every detail thereon.

"Willful! call the hands up to haul in freight," were her first words of command, delivered in her own clear, ringing, resonant voice.

As the boy sprang to obey, Barbara walked aft to receive her visitors.

"You perceive that I render myself according to promise, Miss Brande," said Lord Montressor.

"I am happy to see you again, sir."

"This is my friend, Lord Dazzleright," said Lord Montressor, presenting his companion.

"How do you do, sir?" said Barbara, then breaking off suddenly, before Dazzleright could get off his handsomely turned reply, she called out—"Boys! look alive there! You will not get the freight in to-day at this rate! Willful! take the little boat and go ashore to hurry those watermen with those other bales. Paul! bear a hand there! Now gentlemen, I am at your service! what can I do for you?" she inquired turning to her visitors to give them her full attention.

But Lord Dazzleright felt piqued and turned away. Evidently the handsome creature, the child of the sea, cared no more for this Baron of the Exchequer, this brilliant conversationist, this lion of the London saloons—in a word, for this Lord Dazzleright, than she did for any other honest man! Here was an unsophisticated savage! What did the young woman mean? he asked himself! Had she eyes? Had she sense?

While Lord Dazzleright sulked at being unconsciously snubbed by the handsome amazon, Lord Montressor opened his businesss. First he told her that the Court of Arches had established the L'Orient marriage.

Barbara bowed—she had expected as much.

"Consequently," he went on to say, "Sir Parke and myself go to America to find Estelle."

"That is right," Barbara answered.

"Can Miss Brande give us a passage to Baltimore?"

"Yes, with pleasure."

"Will you also give the address of Estelle?"

"No, as that would be a breach of confidence; but I will go to the lady and entreat her permission to inform you."

Lord Montressor smiled, and said that would do.

The arrangements for the passage of Sir Parke Morelle, of himself, and a single servant for each, were, forthwith, completed.

And then, as the boats with the freight, under charge of Willful, had arrived, and Miss Brande was thronged with business, the two gentlemen took their leave.

"What do you think of that young merchant-captain," inquired Lord Montressor, as they were rowed from the side of the vessel.

"Barbara?—well-named! A young Barbarian she is!" exclaimed Lord Dazzleright angrily.

Lord Montressor smiled.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BARBARA MAY BE A BARONESS.

"O! she is a golden girl!
But a man, a MAN should woo her,
And when she seems to fly away,
He should like storms pursue her!"
Anonymous.

The next morning, Sir Parke Morelle, with his favorite servant and his baggage, made up for a long sea voyage, arrived from Devonshire. When informed that passage for the party had been engaged on Miss Brande's vessel, the Petrel, he at first demurred at the idea of risking their lives in a craft commanded by a woman. But in the course of half an hour's conversation, Lord Montressor convinced him that the inevitable dangers of a sea voyage could in no way be enhanced to them through their sailing with Barbara Brande, who was, in all respects, admirably well adapted to her chosen position.

His lordship then imparted to the baronet the fact of their accidental discovery of Estelle's place of abode, and also of their fixed resolution to keep that discovery a secret until they should arrive at the Headland—a plan that the baronet heartily approved.

Lord Dazzleright rendered himself very officious and busy! Never was so zealous and servicable a friend. He insisted that Sir Parke and Montressor had quite enough business to occupy them on shore, and that he himself should see to the embarkation of their baggage. But Lord Dazzleright, assuredly, proved himself incompetent, or else wilfully negligent of his self-assumed duties; for the manner in which he contrived to spread the business of one day over an entire week, was highly exasperating to the prompt and energetic Barbara. For instance, one day he would see a trunk safely on board, and, having done so, would remain on deck by the hour, watching that handsome, falcon-eyed, commanding young Amazon, who had no time to talk to him; who took no notice of him; in short, who cared no more for *him*—Lord Dazzleright,—than she did for the old waterman that had brought him to the vessel, or for any other decent poor man. This sort of indifference was something new to the lion of the London saloons! It was novel, piquant, provoking, incomprehensible. He mentally termed her a barbarian, without capacity for appreciating a handsome, brilliant Baron of the Exchequer! Nevertheless, upon the pretext of seeing safely on board the vessel some trunk, box, packet or hamper, he visited the Petrel every day. And he was always treated in something like the following cavalier style. Hat in hand, he would step on deck,—where he ever found Barbara busily engaged—and, walking up to her, would say—

"Good morning, Miss Brande! I have brought some boxes belonging to my friend, Sir Parke."

"Good morning, sir—Willful! here! see to getting up this gentleman's freight!" and without another word, away she would go to attend to some other matters, in some other part of the vessel—unceremoniously leaving "the observed of all observers" of the fashionable drawing-rooms to bite his nails for vexation on the deck of the vessel. He called her "a savage! positively, a young savage! destitute of the very first principles of civilization!"—notwithstanding which, under the pretence of taking excellent care of some precious piece of baggage or other, he continued his daily visits to the Petrel. Barbara's patience, that had lasted six days of the week, gave way on the seventh, "which was the Sabbath," when she saw at the usual hour a boat come alongside, containing Lord Dazzleright and a quarter cask.

"Good morning, Miss Brande," he said, as he stepped on deck. "This is some pure port wine, for Sir Parke's own use——"

"Good morning, sir!" said Barbara, shortly—"Willful! see that this wine is got up and stowed away."

Then, turning to Lord Dazzleright, she said, with great severity—

"Sir, this is the first time that I have ever received freight on board my vessel upon the Sabbath day, and I hope it will be the last; and I only take it in now rather than send you back with it."

"The inconceivable young bearess!" thought Lord Dazzleright, but to her he said—"I am very sorry, Miss Brande, I did not know your rule."

"Sir, the rule was not one of my making; it was not I who wrote—'Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.'"

"I beg pardon—pray forgive me," said the Baron very humbly.

"Ask pardon, sir, of Him whose commandment you have set at naught."

"The exasperating young Barbarian! I wonder if I should have got a sharper sermon on Sabbath breaking, or received a better lesson on humility in any chapel in London," said the Baron to himself.

"Is there anything else to come on board?" asked Barbara.

"To-day?—no, Miss Brande."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes, Miss Brande, there are Lord Montressor's trunks."

"Well, suppose that you just permit Lord Montressor's servants to complete this business of transportation. I think they understand the work better, and will get through it sooner," said Barbara bluntly turning away.

"Miss Brande," exclaimed Dazzleright, going after her, "I was presented to you by our mutual friend, Lord Montressor. My character and position are not unknown to you. I hope, in addition to that, you believe me to be an honest and well meaning man. I trust, therefore, that you will not be offended when I confess to you, that the great esteem and respect with which you have inspired me, brings me daily to the Petrel. If there were any more regular way of approaching you, I should gladly avail myself of it—as it is—I am forced to this, hoping to cultivate your acquaintance."

"With what view?" inquired Barbara, coolly turning and facing him.

"With the view that we may become better friends, Miss Brande."

"You are mad," said Barbara, walking away and leaving him to digest this "flat."

"I AM!" exclaimed Dazzleright, in a rage as he went to the starboard gangway and beckoned the waterman to bring his boat alongside. As he descended into that boat he heard her clear ringing voice—commanding—

"Willful! call all hands on deck. I am going to read the morning service."

"Umph! Umph! oh-h-h!" muttered Lord Dazzleright, in a succession of inward grunts. "What a young barbarian! Excepting that she seems an orthodox Christian, she is a most unmitigated young savage! She appears to have no more appreciation of social advantages than a swordfish—which in character she resembles! Did the young Vandal know that a possibility—a mere possibility was hinted—that she might become Lady Dazzleright?" So angry was the Baron, that on landing, he went straight to Lord Montressor and informed him that his lordship's servants would have to see to the embarkation of the remainder of the baggage. And from that day, Lord Dazzleright went no more with box or bundle to the Petrel.

But, nevertheless, upon the day before she was expected to sail—without having informed his friends of his intention—Lord Dazzleright boarded the Petrel, desired to see the "Captain," expressed his wish to take passage to America, and inquired if he could have a berth on that vessel? Barbara informed him plainly that he could *not*, that the cabin was already inconveniently crowded.

Whereupon Lord Dazzleright expressed his willingness to put up with a hammock swung any where—in the steerage for instance.

Barbara told him there was not a hammock to spare.

Then would Miss Brande take him as freight? he asked, smilingly.

No—the hold was packed from keel to deck, and could not stow another hundred weight.

Well! Miss Brande would not certainly be so unkind as to refuse him a roost on the rigging; he could sleep on the top, he persevered.

"Lord Dazzleright, since you force me to say it, there is not an inch of space on board the Petrel at your disposal. Furthermore, under any circumstances, I should decline you as a passenger. Nor is it possible that you can ever have a berth in my vessel unless you should chance to be shipwrecked in our sight, in which case we should be obliged to pick you up," said Barbara, with great severity.

"Then I'll go and get myself shipwrecked forthwith!" exclaimed Lord Dazzleright.

"You perceive now sir, I am busy. Good morning. Avast there, Paul! what are you about!" and suddenly breaking off, Barbara hurried forward to look after her hands.

"A Barbarian! a Savage! a Goth! a Vandal! a Cannibal! a Bearess! and the handsomest, most piquant, and provoking young creature I ever met with in my life! Upon my honor I do not know which is the most inexplicable—that I should become infatuated with this young woman, or that she should repulse me! By my life I do not understand it, unless she is rabid and has bitten me and I am in process of becoming mad!" said the "glass of fashion," as with a crest fallen air he dropped himself into the boat and was rowed to the shore.

The same evening it happened that Lord Dazzleright attended a ball at Almacks, where he was as usual the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," the rich prey for which manœuvering mammas laid their plans, and mincing maidens laid their nets.

But with the usual perversity of human nature, Baron Dazzleright obstinately refused to become enamoured of any willing Lady Clara, or Geraldine among them, and perseveringly sighed after the dark-browed, eagle-eyed, lion-hearted girl of the sea, who cared less for his baronial coronet than for her little brother's tarpaulin hat; less for the title Baroness than for that of Sister Barbara; and still less to follow the phantom of pleasure through the mazes of fashion than to guide her "Stormy Petrel" through the wild waves of the pathless ocean!

But if this Vesta of the sea was all sufficient unto herself,—her admirer was no longer independent of her. She had revealed to him a phase of character as attractive, as fascinating, as it was novel and unparalleled! Compared with the vapid, insipid, insincere butterflies of fashion, this Barbara Brande was so full of vital force, of truth, courage, independence and self-reliance! To crown all she was a real and thoroughly conscientious Christian. He could not choose but think of her, and the longer he reflected, the more he approved and admired her.

Leaving Almacks at an early hour, he went to Gerards to seek Lord Montressor, whom he found busily engaged in writing.

"Ah, you are occupied. I will not disturb you."

"No—only writing to Slater, my bailiff, at Montressor; I have done now," said his lordship, rapidly folding, directing, and sealing the letter. "Now I am at your service."

Lord Dazzleright threw himself into a chair, and cast his hat into a corner.

"What is it? What can I do for you, Dazzleright?"

"You are going on board to-morrow. You are in the confidence of Miss Brande. You will be in her company for some two or three months. Just use that opportunity to impress upon her rather hard head, that your friend Dazzleright is a well-meaning man, not utterly unworthy of her consideration, even if he *has* had the misfortune to be successful in life!"

"Why?"

"Because if ever I marry a woman—her name will be Barbara Brande!"

"Eh?"

"If ever I marry a woman, her name will be Barbara Brande!"

"You are mad!"

"Just what she said! But—if ever I marry a woman, her name will be Barbara Brande! Now I will tell you what I want you to do—just let her know, in a delicate manner, that I am an honest man, who, in spite of his coronet, is not totally beneath her notice."

"Prove that to her yourself in person."

"Ahem! I think I see her giving me the opportunity! My friend, as long as I keep a *very* respectful distance, and merely touch my hat on meeting her, Miss Brande treats me with the same decent civility that she accords to the boatmen, hucksters and porters of the Docks. But just as soon as I presume to advance and aspire to a higher degree of consideration, she puts me down as quietly as though I were the Tom, Dick or Harry aforesaid. And when I gave her to understand the honesty of my 'intentions,' as the dowagers would say—she told me I was mad."

"Miss Brande was right in repulsing you! What has the all-accomplished, all-praised Baron Dazzleright in common with that free, wild, irresponsible maiden of the ocean?"

"What?—nothing at all, of course! And that is the very reason why he wants her, and why he must have her as the complement of himself. Every quality of Barbara's nature will become a new possession to me."

"But the difference of rank——"

"*Pste!* am I not 'a son of the people,' as the French would say? Should I not take to wife 'a daughter of the people?' And, in one word, if I cannot get Barbara Brande to help me found a noble dynasty—why, then, the first Lord Dazzleright will also be the last of his illustrious line!"

Lord Montressor arose and clapped his hand into the palm of his friend's, saying, cordially—

"You are right! I did but try you! You are altogether right! And *she* was also right in repelling your advances—for great reserve and even firm repulsion are necessary as shield and lance for a woman in her strange position. But—barring your professional quibbling—you are worthy of her, and if I do not find a way of convincing her of that fact—and smoothing the path for your next overtures—why, you may then set me down as an incompetent diplomatist, that is all."

"I thank you, Montressor. Well! that is just all I had to say to you, for this evening. I will not keep you out of bed any longer, for you will have to rise early to be on board in time, as the vessel sails with the early tide. The sky promises fine weather for to-morrow," said Dazzleright, going to the window and looking out. "Well! Heaven grant it! Good night, my friend!" he exclaimed, returning and offering his hand.

"Good night, Dazzleright—but not good-bye," answered Montressor, cordially pressing his offered hand.

"Oh, no, no! certainly not! I shall meet you at St. Catharine's Docks to-morrow morning, and say good-bye only on the deck of the Petrel. *"Au revoir!"*

"To our meeting!"

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTAIN BARBARA'S SECOND VOYAGE.

> "O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea!
> Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free!
> Far as the breeze can bear—the billows foam,
> Survey our empire and behold our home!
>
> "Oh! who can tell, save one whose heart hath tried,
> And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
> The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
> That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?"
>
> BYRON.

The next day was the fourteenth of February, and St. Valentine's day, and of all the three hundred and sixty-five, the luckiest for lovers' enterprize. The weather was as fine as it had promised to be, with a clear sky, a soft air, and light breeze from the south, heralding an early spring.

Soon after sunrise, Sir Parke Morelle and Lord Montressor drove down to the docks, where they found Lord Dazzleright already awaiting them. Willful Brande was also in attendance, with the long boat from the Petrel, to take the party to the vessel.

After a general greeting and shaking of hands, they entered the long boat, and were rowed to the barque.

The Petrel was, as always, neat and clean as a dainty maiden in her May-day dress.

The few hands were all at their posts.

Barbara walked the deck, overseeing the final arrangements, and issuing her orders. She paused at the starboard gangway to receive her passengers; but frowned slightly when she recognized Lord Dazzleright among them. But since the baron understood her reserve, he was not discomposed.

"We are ready, and the tide is on the ebb; we only waited to ship you before weighing anchor!" she said, cordially offering her hand to Lord Montressor, and bowing to the two other gentlemen.

"So that I shall be obliged to take immediate leave of my friends and hurry back," said Lord Dazzleright, who had not been addressed.

"Yes, sir," said Barbara, curtly turning away—"Willful! have the long boat hauled up and made fast!" she commanded. Then to Lord Montressor and Sir Parke she said—

"Gentlemen, accommodate yourselves, if you please. You know your quarters in my cabin, or if you prefer the deck there are pleasant seats in the stern."

They bowed and begged her not to incommode herself, as they would take care of themselves. As the men had now hauled up the long boat and secured it to the davits, Lord Dazzleright began to blame his rashness and wonder how he should get back to the shore.

Barbara immediately relieved him of his dilemma by taking her speaking trumpet, going to the side of the vessel, and hailing an idle wherry from the shore.

"Boat, ahoy!—come alongside to take a passenger off!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" sung out the waterman who began to ply his oars, swiftly propelling the boat in the direction of the vessel. While it was coming, poor Dazzleright shook hands with his friends, wishing them a good voyage, and then turned to look for Barbara. She had gone forward and was standing there, to give orders.

"All hands to the windlass! And you, Willful, to the wheel!"

She was obeyed on the instant, and the men and boys stood waiting farther commands.

She paused, for Lord Dazzleright approached her—took her hand and said, respectfully—

"Good-bye, and a good voyage to you, Miss Brande! You are severe and even unjust to me; but you will know me better; I can wait for that; God bless you and yours!"

"Heaven save you, sir! Good bye!" said Barbara, in a somewhat softer voice, thinking that in this parting hour she could safely relax her rigor. He understood and refrained from presuming on this new kindness; but immediately went to the starboard gangway and descended into the boat, waiting there to receive him.

"Up anchor!" shouted Barbara, as she saw the wherry push off.

And while the men laid themselves to the windlass, and heaved with all their strength, Lord Dazzleright stood waving his hat from the receding boat. On reaching the shore, with a last wave of adieu, responded to from the decks of the vessel, Lord Dazzleright's boat disappeared in the crowd at the docks.

The anchor was soon up, the sails all set, and the Petrel stood gallantly out for the mouth of the river.

When the vessel was thus fairly under way, Barbara walked aft to speak to her passengers.

Sir Parke Morelle met her half way. Sir Parke looked pale and unnerved. He had never made a sea voyage further than from Dover to Calais, or from Liverpool to Cork, in all his life, and to begin at his age to cross the Atlantic ocean, in such an egg shell as the Petrel, with such an extraordinary captain as this young girl, was, notwithstanding the opinion of Montressor,—"indiscreet—to say the least, indiscreet." He had stepped upon the planks of the deck with feelings fearfully akin to those of a condemned criminal stepping upon the flooring of a scaffold. He had watched Barbara walking fore and aft giving her orders as though she had been the sheriff giving directions for his execution. Every order that she gave, and that the men obeyed, seemed to precipitate his fate! he had serious thoughts of forfeiting his passage money, and offering Barbara a handsome remuneration for putting him back on shore. But a latent confidence in Lord Montressor's judgment and a sense of shame for his own nervousness, restrained him from proceeding to that length. But now meeting Miss Brande, he accosted her with—

"Young woman I would like to have a few moments conversation with you."

"I am at your service, sir."

"Turn about then if you please."

Barbara complied.

Now Sir Parke Morelle was as considerable a "land-lubber" as could be found in all England or America. He was, in his profound ignorance of nautical affairs, quite competent to be a U. S. Secretary of the Navy. As they walked forward he said—

"Ahem—aha. Young woman ——"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I am called Barbara Brande."

"Ahem—Miss Brande, can you rely upon your own competency for a—for taking care of this vessel?"

Barbara Brande's great, strong black eyes flashed down upon him with an expression that made the autocrat of Hyde Hall quail.

"I could rely upon myself to take care of a fleet!" was upon her tongue's end. But Barbara possessed the rare virtue of self-control, and pitying the poor old man who had neither the physical courage to go fearlessly to sea with her, nor the moral courage to confess his weakness and stay home—she answered—

"Sir Parke, I have two little brothers on board whom I love better than my own life. They are hostages for your safety."

"I do not understand you, Miss Brande."

"Nor did I engage to furnish you with an understanding," thought Barbara, but repressing herself, she replied—"Loving Willful and Edwy as I love my own soul, I never would have taken them on this voyage had I not known myself in every respect fully competent to take care of the vessel and of them, as well as any captain in the merchant's service could do."

"But you are a woman," said Sir Parke, still hesitating.

Another flash of the great black eyes, and Barbara warming up, replied—

"Well, sir! am I on trial for being a woman, or for being a sea captain, which?"

"For being both in one rather," answered the baronet.

"Indeed! And why for being both in one? Has not a woman a brain as well as a heart? Has she not courage as well as gentleness? Fortitude as well as patience? Has it not been proved over and over again, a thousand and a thousand times, that in moments of danger women have exhibited as much presence of mind, courage, promptitude, and skill as the best men among you?"

But we have elsewhere given Barbara Brande's defence of herself in her chosen vocation and will not repeat it here.

The baronet was silenced if not convinced by her argument, and presently turned the attack from the captain to the craft.

"How could such a little craft live in a stormy sea for instance?"

Barbara's eyes glowed, and her ripe lips wreathed in the smile that beamed from her face.

"How, sir, does the little sapling survive the storm that twists off the great oak of a hundred years growth? Why, sir, a craft like this will ride lightly on the crest of waves that would break over and engulph a ship of the line! Why, sir, the great waves that would thunder over the decks of a heavy man-of-war would lift this peaceful little merchantman and bear her on in safety—as if indeed there were a sentient magnanimity in old ocean, which, while warring upon the strong would spare the weak."

They now turned in their promenade and walked aft.

"So you think you and the Petrel could weather a storm? Have you any experience of the fact?"

"Have I any experience of the fact?——Willful! what are you about there! Will you run over that lighter? Helm-a-lee! Helm-a-lee!—steady, so!——Have I any experience in that fact? I should think so! The little Petrel behaves beautifully in a storm! She rides the waves like a buoy, or lies-to snugly as a little duck! the brave little Petrel! the bonny little Petrel!"

"Then you have been in a storm—you have carried your vessel safely through it?" inquired Sir Parke, as they reached the stern, in which Lord Montressor sat with a pocket telescope in his hand taking sight at the villas on the shore.

"Lord Montressor," said Barbara, "your friend asks me if I have ever worked this vessel through a storm. Tell him how we weathered the gales in the Gulf Stream!—for I am immensely tired of him," she added, as she dropped the arm of Sir Parke and left him on the hands of her other passenger.

Barbara walked forward to the "caboose."

Let my inland readers now imagine a little box two yards square, on the forecastle—painted on the outside, and furnished inside with a stove and dresser, and a full complement of pots, pans, kettles, and crockery ware.

The presiding genius of this place was a stout jet black negro woman, whose smiling eyes and ivory teeth imparted a contented and good-humored expression to her homely face.

"What have you got for dinner, Climene?"

"Dere's a ham on a b'ilin', and I 's gwine put down a line o' mutton to roas'."

"That's right; cook the fresh provisions every day, for they'll not keep, and we have no live stock to kill. And the vegetables?"

"Why, dere's taters, an' cabbidge, an' spinnidge."

"That will do—and the desert?"

"I gwine make apple pie and custard puddin'—caze you see I tuk notice afore how Lord Monstrouser allers likes sumfin deliky."

"Yes, that will do; that will do quite well!"

And leaving the namesake of the sea-nymph to her culinary conjurations in the caboose, Barbara went down into the cabin to lay the cloth for dinner.

I have neither time nor space to follow the details of this voyage.

For the first too weeks the voyagers were blessed with the finest weather.

But in the midst of the third week the sky changed. "And such a change, oh, night, and storm, and darkness!" March came in "like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." The wind arose in the north west, and blowed almost incessantly for four weeks, that is, it would blow continuously for three days, then lull for a day or only "pause to gather its fearful breath," and rise with recovered strength, and blow harder than ever. As the vessel entered the Gulf Stream the weather grew worse—the gale became a hurricane—the rough sea ran mountains high.

But the brave little Petrel behaved beautifully, as Barbara had said; she tacked like a skillful politician, rode the high waves like a jockey boy, or lay to like a duck, as occasion required.

Lord Montressor and his man worked as hard as the seamen, whenever their aid was needed. Sir Parke Morelle was too miserably sea-sick to care one sous about the fate of the vessel, unless it was to wish his own suffering and the Petrel engulphed in the same sea! His valet spent day and night in attendance upon him.

But Barbara Brande was a sight to behold. Her perfect appreciation of the danger, combined with her perfect fearlessness, was a subject of wonder to all. Her unwavering courage, her undisturbed cheerfulness, her unruffled temper, the constant firmness and serenity of her countenance, the prompt, clear and ringing tones of her voice—heard through the howling of the wind and the thundering of the waves, inspired faith, and hope, and courage in every bosom.

Only once was Barbara moved; this was when her little brother Edwy—whom she had sent below, but who, in sympathetic excitement, had stolen again upon deck—was, by the pitching of the vessel, thrown violently forward, and only saved from going overboard by Lord Montressor, who sprang and caught him in his arms. Barbara, pale as monumental marble, took the boy from his lordship's arms, carried him below, and locked him up in the state-room for safety. Then she re-appeared on deck as cool, as firm, and as prompt for action as before.

At length the wearying and wearied wind lulled. At last fine weather, with a fair southerly breeze, succeeded, and on the fifth of April the Petrel entered Chesapeake Bay; and the next day at sunset she dropt anchor off Brande's Headland.

It was with the deepest emotion that Lord Montressor gazed upon the spot that had become the chosen retreat of Estelle.

The setting sun shone full against the yellow sandy beach, the grey rocky bank, and flecked with golden light the tender spring foliage of the oak trees that surrounded and half concealed the old stone house upon the summit.

With the profoundest interest he contemplated the scene. That mansion was her home. There she lived, suffered and endured. There, from some hidden covert, she had undoubtedly wept and watched for, and gazed upon his form; while he, unconscious of her proximity, had, gun in hand, wandered through the woods and fields and moors around the place.

Where was she now? In or near that old gray house, undoubtedly. But what was she about?—at her lonely tea-table?—in her parlor, reading or meditating?—in the woods, rambling alone?—in the grave-yard, ruminating? Where? How would she receive him? Was she, perhaps, that moment thinking of him, if not expecting him?

She would be greatly surprised to see him and her father! But would her surprise be altogether one of joy? That she loved him was undoubtedly true. That she loved him more than her own dearest earthly interests, and only less than her Creator, had been proved. But would she now consent to forget her own horrible calamity, and permit him to make her and himself, in his own rational manner, happy?

That she had a theory of his future brilliant destiny, which she had resolved not to dim by sharing, he had heard. That she could be as firm as she was disinterested, he had ascertained. Could he, then, be able to convince her, that, to him, *her* "love was the greatest good in the world?"

But, patience—patience! Very soon these questions must be answered—these doubts set at rest. In an hour, he should stand face to face with his beautiful, his beloved, his long lost, but now recovered Estelle. Till then, oh! throbbing pulse, be still!—oh, faithful, long suffering heart, be hopeful! No one was on deck but Barbara and the crew, whom she was ordering to take in sail and let go the anchor. When she perceived her favorite passenger, she came forward smilingly to greet him.

"Good evening, sir. It is a glorious spring evening—the air is as soft and balmy as that of June. You see we are off the old place again."

"Good afternoon, Miss Brande. Yes, I see. Will you permit me to inquire how long you will remain here, and whether you will go on shore?"

"I shall remain at anchor through the night, and set sail again in the morning. And I will go on shore this evening, for I could almost imagine the poor old place feeling hurt if I passed it," said Barbara, with one of her earnest smiles.

"Will you farther permit me to remind you of a promise you gave when you were here last, to show me over your old house—one of the oldest houses in Maryland, as you said?"

Barbara looked embarrassed, hesitated, and then replied—

"Lord Montressor, that promise did not project itself down all time. It was only for the day upon which it was given. And now, I hope you will excuse me."

Lord Montressor bowed. "If you wish to go on shore, sir, the long boat is, of course, at your service; but I cannot invite you to the house."

"Then I should feel obliged to you, my dear Miss Brande, to give me a seat when you yourself go on shore."

"I will do that with pleasure, sir."

Sir Parke Morelle now waked up from his after dinner nap, came on deck and joined Montressor. Barbara bowed and left them alone together while she went forward to give orders for the long boat to be prepared.

"That is your daughter's home, sir Parke," said Lord Montressor, pointing to the dreary Headland now growing darker under the thick falling shadows of evening.

"Good Heaven! what a desolate place!" exclaimed the baronet, in consternation.

"Yes! but I can well imagine that the desolation of the heart within should have rendered her insensible to the desolation of the scene without," replied Montressor, solemnly.

Not perhaps feeling the latent rebuke hidden in these words, the baronet continued to gaze upon the picturesque Headland, until the long boat was reported ready.

"I am going on shore—will you accompany me now?"

"Of course! of course! I will accompany you now," replied the baronet.

Barbara came up dressed in the grey serge gown, sacque and hood that was her usual out-door costume.

"Sir Parke has also decided to go on shore, Miss Brande," said Lord Montressor.

"Very good, sir," said Barbara, betraying some little distrust and anxiety—"the boat awaits your convenience, gentlemen."

"We are ready to attend you, Miss Brande."

They went to the starboard gangway, where Lord Montressor led the way down the ladder and having reached the boat, he put up his hand to assist Barbara in the descent;—a courtesy which the girl accepted solely on the principle of politeness, for in truth, so far from requiring such assistance, she was rather embarrassed by its offer as well as impeded by its forced acceptance. By the same ready hand Sir Parke was next helped down the ladder. And when they were all seated the oarsmen plied their oars, and the long boat glided swiftly over the starlit waters towards the Headland that loomed darkly above them. In a few moments the boat touched the sand, and was pushed up under the heavy shadows of the overhanging, wooded bank.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DREARY HEADLAND.

> "Break, break, break,
> At the foot of thy crags, oh sea!
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me.
>
> And the stately ships go on
> To the haven under the hill,
> But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand
> And the sound of a voice that is still."
>
> TENNYSON.

"What a place to land in! It is like entering Hades," said Sir Parke, as they got out of the boat and stood upon the beach.

"Take the boat back to bring off the boys," ordered Miss Brande.

And when she was left alone with her passengers she said—

"Now, gentlemen, how can I serve you? How will you amuse yourselves? The sporting season is long over. And I regret to say that I am not at liberty to invite you up to the house."

"Then Miss Brande we must waive ceremony and proceed without invitation," said Lord Montressor, gently, as if to atone in his manner for any seeming rudeness in his words.

"What can you mean, sir?" inquired Barbara, with increased distrust and anxiety.

"Pardon me, Miss Brande. You cannot but have guessed the object of Sir Parke Morelle's voyage to America?"

"I am no Yankee, sir; yet of course, as you say, I have surmised that the father comes but in quest of his daughter," replied Barbara, with a glance full of sympathy towards the baronet.

Sir Parke responded by slightly lifting his hat.

"And would you, Miss Brande, knowing the present home of that long-lost daughter, suffer her father, in his ignorance of her retreat, to leave the spot far behind, to pursue his unavailing search in another hopeless direction?" inquired Lord Montressor, solemnly.

Barbara did not at once reply, but seemed buried in profound reflection, as if seeking the clue to some unexplained mystery.

Lord Montressor could scarcely repress his vehement impatience.

"Well, Miss Brande?" he said, anxiously regarding her her,

"Well, sir," replied Barbara, gravely, "I perceive that you have somehow discovered the retreat of this lady. I only trust that it has been through no indiscretion on my part."

"We have. She is your recluse tenant. And we have learned this fact through no inadvertency of yours."

"Since this is so," said Barbara, earnestly, "I will admit, that I am glad of it. Knowing, or rather believing as I did, that yourself and her father were on the way to seek her where she could not be found, in the city of Baltimore, my heart, through all the voyage, ached because I was not permitted to say to you—'She whom you seek is my tenant at the Headland.' Thank Heaven, that without any breach of faith on my part, you are informed of it. Sir Parke"—she said, turning and addressing the baronet—"You will let your daughter know this."

"I will, Miss Brande. How shall we get up this steep? It is a very dark night."

"I will show you. Follow me, if you please. Lord Montressor! I really think you had better give your arm to Sir Parke. The ascent is very difficult even in daylight, and now we can scarcely discern the cedar thickets from the chasms in the rocks," said Barbara, as she carefully led the way up the bank.

Lord Montressor took the hand of the old man, and with a wildly throbbing heart, that all his resolution could not quiet, followed. A few moments more—a few swift, vital moments more and he should see her—should hear her speak—should clasp her living hand! Oh! wild impatient heart be still—be still—it is but an instant, and then! and then!

They toiled up the bank; they reached the top, and then the old trees waving in the night wind, and the old house looming in the darkness, stood before them. A gloomy, forboding, funeral atmosphere overshadowed the place. Hope sickened as she looked upon the scene.

"It is as dark as Erebus! There is not a light to be seen in all the house, and not a sound to be heard without. I hope the mistress and her maid have not yet retired," said Lord Montressor, uneasily.

"Oh, no, sir! I think not. The lady's chamber, which is also her usual sitting room, and the maid's kitchen, are both in the back part of the building. I will ring."

And going up the ricketty steps of the portico, Barbara rang a peal, and waited a minute—two minutes—but no advancing light was seen; no coming step was heard. She rang louder.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!

The peal was re-echoed through the great, desolate house, with a strange, vacant, hollow reverberation!

Then followed a dead silence; they waited anxiously, and tried in the darkness to read the expression in each other's faces. Three minutes passed like an age, and Barbara pulled the bell-handle with all her strength.

Ting! a-ling! a-ling! a-ling! A-LANG! LANG! LANG!

It sounded through the vast gloomy house with a clamor and a clangor loud enough to rouse the old dead ancestors in the burial ground beyond; it awoke nothing but the dreary, wailing, ghostly echo!

Five minutes of anxious waiting, peering and listening passed, and then Barbara jerked the bell-handle a third time, with peril to the ropes.

CLANG! A-RANG! A-RANG! RANG! RANG! RANG! RANG!

It seemed enough to have shaken the old chimneys to their base, and started the slates from the roof!

But only the phantom Echo was within to wail forth her weird response!

They looked at each other, with dimly visible, troubled white faces, gleaming faintly in the surrounding darkness. For some moments, no one spoke; each seemed fearful to give voice to his or her forebodings.

Had Death been there before them, and forever set the seal of the grave upon Estelle's earthly fate, and rendered vain, as far as life was concerned, her father's late relenting?

Lord Montressor's deep troubled voice first broke the silence.

"Miss Brande, what think you of this?"

"I dare not yet think," replied Barbara, in a tremulous tone; "but we will go around to the back part of the house, and see if we can discover anything."

And carefully descending the ricketty stairs, she groped her way around to the rear of the dwelling. The two gentlemen followed her. But at the back as at the front, all was shut up, dark and still. No sign of human habitation was near the place.

"Miss Brande," exclaimed Lord Montressor, in voice of anguish, "what is the meaning of this?"

"The Lord only knows!" responded Barbara, in great agitation. "But, follow me, gentlemen."

"Where are you going?" inquired Sir Parke Morelle.

"Down to a cabin at the foot of the bank, where two old negroes live who may be able to give us some satisfaction."

And hurrying onward, she began the difficult descent of the steep, with a precipitancy more indicative of haste and anxiety than of a regard for her own life and limbs.

The gentlemen followed with all speed consistent with Sir Parke's infirmities.

A the foot of the bank she ran against the boys, just landed from the boat.

"Why, where in the world are you running to, sister?" exclaimed Willful, when stopped by the wild and hurrying figure.

"To Uncle Nep's cabin! The house above is abandoned! Follow me. But where is the boat?"

"It is just putting off," replied Willful.

"Boat ahoy!" she called—"come back and wait for us at the foot of the ash tree."

Lord Montressor, who had by this time helped Sir Parke down the descent, now joined her. She also heard the light plash of the oars of the returning boat, and knew by the sound which followed that it was pushed up on the sands.

"Come, now," she said, and hurried along under the overhanging bank until she came to a place where the bluff suddenly sunk into a little bowl-like hollow, where, closely sheltered and deeply shaded even at noon-day by the over-arching trees, stood the little cabin, with its single dip candle gleaming through the tiny window out into the deep darkness.

Willful ran forward and rapped at the door, which was immediately opened by the namesake of the Ocean Queen, who called out—

"Who dar?"

"It's me, Aunt Amphitrite," replied the grammar-despising lad.

"Lors a messey pon top o' my soul, ef it aint de chile! Hi, boy, where you come from? Drop right outen the sky, didn't yer? Come in, chile! Come in! Lors a messy, come in outen de night air! Where's yer sister?"

"Here I am, Aunty, and here are strangers," said Barbara, as she came up.

"Lors, Miss Barbra, chile, I'se so 'joyed to see yer, 'deed I is; but what made you go for to fetch strangers here and ketch me in my ole ebery-day duds? Ef you'd a only guv me time I'd a put on my black silk gown, as dat dear, bressed, free-hearted chile, Miss Estel, guv me for a Sunday gown! An' dere's my ole man in dere a fuming de whole place wid his 'bacco, like a saint in de odor o' sanctity, which I knows as white folks don't like! Heave it away, you mis-beguilded ole sinner you, an' let de white folks come in!" cried Amphitrite, breaking off from her discourse to take the pipe from her dark liege lord's lips.

"Never mind his smoking, Amphy! We do not want to come in! Ask your husband to come here to the door; we wish to speak to you both," said Barbara, who, with her heart pausing with dread, now that she had arrived at the spot, seized the slightest pretext for delaying the question upon which the happiness of so many hung.

The old man came bending towards the door.

"How does you do, Miss Barbra, honey? 'Deed Ise mighty proud to see you! How do Mars'r Edwy, honey? How de chile do grow!"

"I am very glad to see you so well, Neptune, but have no time nor heart for compliments now, old man," said Miss Brande, when she saw that Sir Parke Morelle and Lord Montressor had come up, and were now standing near her, in great anxiety. "Tell me, Neptune! What has become of Mrs. Estel?

"The hearts of all suspended their action while waiting the slow reply of the old man. It came at last in the form of another question.

"Mrs. Estel, honey?"

"Yes!"

"De beaut'ful chile as lib up yonder?"

"Yes. Yes!"

"De one as you rent de ole house to?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh! speak at once, and tell us where she is!"

"Done gone."

"Gone! we know it! but WHERE?"

"Dat's what I can't tell you, honey. She done gone 'way in a wessel—she an' de young 'oman."

Thank Heaven that their worst fears were set at rest. She was not "gone" out of the world! she was still living! they had still a future! all breathed more freely.

"But surely you know something about the lady's departure? Come! collect your faculties, Neptune, and tell us what you do know!" said Barbara.

"'Deed I doesn't know a singly thing more'n I'se telled yer; an' dat's de Hebenly Marster's trufe!"

"Don't you know *when* the lady went?"

"'Deed, honey, she went t'other week; but de zact one I could not 'form you; dough 'haps my ole 'oman might."

"What an idiotic creature!" exclaimed Sir Parke Morelle, in disgust.

Lord Montressor remained silently and intently listening.

"Amphitrite, can you tell me when Mrs. Estel went?"

"'Bout a mont' ago, chile!—'deed she!"

"Where did she go?"

"Deed, chile, Miss Susan—she 'cline for to tell me, when I ax her!"

"You don't know where she went, then?"

"'Deed Lord knows don't I, honey! I wish to de Lord how I did?"

"What was the name of the vessel she sailed by?"

"'Clare to Marster, honey, I couldn't tell you, bein' as how I don't know myself."

"Nor the name of the captain?"

"Nor likewise de name o' de cappen, chile."

"Umph! was the vessel she sailed in going up or down the Bay?"

"'Deed Lors-a-mity knows, I couldn't 'form you which, Miss Barbra—case de wessel come to anchor some time in de night, and den next night, some time 'fore day, she sailed ag'in. So we nebber seen whedder she came up or down when she 'riv', or whedder she go up or down when she lef'."

"But surely you can tell us which way her prow pointed?" asked Barbara, catching at this faint clue as the drowning catch at straws.

"I donno what you mean by the *prow*, honey."

"Her head, then. In which direction was her head? Where did her head point? Up or down?"

"Why, chile, when *I* seen her, head pointed straight up in de *sky*, wid a blue an' white flag a flyin' from the top of it! least ways it wer a blue groun' wid a 'mendous big white cross on it, as Miss Susan said, wer a Union Jack—which *Jack* being short for Jonathan, an' *Union* meanin' de United States—made me think how she must a' been a 'Merican ship. But any ways, long as yer so anxious to know, her head pointed straight up to de sky!"

"Oh dear me, Amphy! we are not talking of the *mast* head, but of the prow—the forepart of the vessel!" said Barbara, impatiently.

"Den 'clare to my 'Vine Master I doesn't know de head from de tail!" retorted the Ocean Queen.

"Neptune! can you inform me whether, when you saw that vessel at anchor in the daytime her prow pointed up or down the bay?"

"'Deed, honey, she stood neyther up *nor* down the Bay; but right *crossways*, wid her prow pintin' right in towards the Headland here!"

"Satisfactory! And you do not know, Neptune, whether she went up or down the Bay?"

"'Deed, honey, I don't know nuffin 't all 'bout it 'cept what Ise already telled you."

"Did the lady leave a letter or a message with either of you?"

"'Clare to Marster, honey, de chile didn't leave no letter 'long of us, nor likewise no message 'cept 'twas to give her love an' de Lor' might bless you."

It were tedious to repeat the close and severe cross-questioning to which the old people were subjected. Suffice it to say that the catechism proved fruitless. The old couple had already informed their mistress of all they had learned upon the subject of the mysterious flitting.

At length Barbara said—

"It is barely possible, my lord, that she has left a note or letter for me upon her dressing-table, or somewhere in the house. Shall we get lights, proceed thither, and examine the premises?"

Lord Montressor bowed in silence. His heart was too heavily oppressed with despair for many words.

Barbara told the old man to light a lantern and attend them back to the old house. And once more the whole party, preceded by the old man with the light, traversed the winding beach, ascended the weary bluff, and stood before the half ruined mansion.

Neptune, who had the keys as well as the lantern, unlocked the front door and admitted them.

The damp, dreary wind that must have blown out the light had it not been protected by the glass lantern, was the only thing that welcomed them.

They went into the barely furnished parlor, where Barbara found everything standing as it had stood for years; but no note or letter on table, stand, or mantle-shelf. They next passed into her bed-chamber, where they found everything in order, but no note or letter. They visited the kitchen and Susan Copsewood's sleeping room with no more successful results. And at last, after a thorough, but fruitless examination of the whole premises, they were forced to abandon the hopeless search.

"All clue seems lost," exclaimed the baronet, in despair.

Lord Montressor could not suppress a deep groan. His strong heart seemed about to break beneath this new blow.

"Let us hope," said Barbara. "We set sail from London for the port of Baltimore, where you, first of all, expected to find her. Let us proceed on our voyage. We may yet come up with her in Baltimore."

"Heaven grant it!" exclaimed the baronet, whose anxiety to find his lost daughter increased with the difficulty and delay.

Barbara then gave the old man, Neptune, the money and packets of groceries that she had brought for him; completed the other little arrangements that had brought her to the shore; took her leave of her old servants, and, accompanied by her disappointed and saddened passengers, returned to the vessel.

Assembled around the little centre-table of the cabin, they held another consultation.

"Had Estelle no friends or neighbors in this place, with whom she might have left a letter or message?" inquired Lord Montressor.

"No, there are none nearer than Eastville. And yet, now that I think of it, she may have left some charge with my attorney at that village. So if you think best, we will lie at anchor over to-morrow, to ride up thither to make inquiries. What say you, gentlemen?"

"Undoubtedly, that is the plan," replied Lord Montressor and Sir Parke.

The party then separated for the night.

Early the next morning they went on shore. Old Neptune, being ordered, quickly put the horses to the carry-all. Sir Parke and Miss Brande entered and took the back seat. Lord Montressor and Willful sat in front. The boy took the reins. After a rapid drive of two hours, they reached Eastville, and drew up before the lawyer's office.

Miss Brande alighted and entered, where she found the lawyer seated at his desk, writing. He instantly arose and came forward to meet her.

"Good morning, Miss Brande. Pray take a seat."

"I thank you, no, sir. My tenant, Mrs. Estel, has left the Headland. Has she possibly charged you with any letter or message for me?"

"Letter? Yes, Miss Brande; here it is," answered the lawyer, going to his desk and producing the missive.

Barbara almost snatched it from his hand, tore it open, and glanced eagerly along its lines. Then, with a deep sigh, she went out and read it to Sir Parke and Lord Montressor. It ran thus:

THE HEADLAND, March 18.

MY DEAR MISS BRANDE—In withdrawing from the Headland, for an indefinite number of years, I do not throw up the lease; but leaving the key in charge of Neptune, I beg that during my absence you will freely use the house. Enclosed you will find payment for the whole term of the lease. Truly your friend, ESTELLE.

"And that is all!" simultaneously exclaimed the father and the lover.

"Yes."

They were not contented. They left the carriage and went into the office of the lawyer whom they minutely questioned. But he could tell them absolutely nothing.

They re-entered the carriage, and, at Barbara's suggestion, drove to the dwelling of the parish clergyman.

This venerable man had attended Estelle in her illness; but he could give them no satisfaction as to her present retreat. All further inquiries in that neighborhood proved fruitless. Evidently Estelle had concealed from all, the place of her destination.

With heavy hearts they returned to their vessel.

The next morning they set sail for Baltimore where they duly arrived.

For weeks Sir Parke and Lord Montressor pursued their search through the city. Then finding all their efforts unavailing, they took leave of Barbara Brande and of Baltimore, and began a tour of all the principal cities in the United States. Meanwhile they appointed an agent in New York to whom all communications for themselves were to be addressed. Then they inserted in all the newspapers, carefully worded advertisements, designed to be understood by Estelle alone, and to be answered through this agent.

After several months of fruitless travel, search, and anxious waiting, it occurred to Sir Parke that his daughter might possibly have returned to her native country. And acting upon this idea, and still accompanied by his intended son-in-law, the baronet sailed for England.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

OUR DINNERS.

It is a vulgar notion that a dinner to be good must be expensive—a fatal mistake, preventive of much social enjoyment. To say nothing of those

> Who think less of good eating than the whisper,
> When seated near them of some pretty lisper,

nine-tenths of the recipients of a grand state dinner, formal and costly, would infinitely prefer a fish, a joint, and a bird, with freedom and a good talk.

> Boys, 'tis little I care to dine
> Where the host is vain, and the guests are fine,
> Where the wines are warm and the dishes cold,
> And the mutton is young, and the spinsters old.

Some of the most delightful dinners in memory have been the simplest—all wit, fun, and good sense, with merely "flashes of silence." "Cheerful looks make every dish a feast." The very essence of a dinner is the absence of ceremony. Half the dinners that one goes to offer but dry leaves instead of flowers; they are but mockeries of enjoyments, waste of hours, through fear of tyrant custom, and desire to be thought genteel. "Anybody can dine, but very few know how to dine so as to insure the greatest amount of health and enjoyment."

AN OLD ELEPHANT.

When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription, namely: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found alive and hearty three hundred and fifty-four years after; and even he was said not to be the "oldest inhabitant" of the jungle. It is said that elephants sometimes live to the age of four or five hundred years. But whales beat elephants in the race of longevity. Cuvier says these monsters of the deep must sometimes reach the advanced age of one thousand years.

SUMMER-TIME.

BY C. D. STUART.

O what so beautiful of earth,
As the sweet breathing summer-time,
When birds are full of pleasant mirth,
And all the flowers are in their prime.

How far along the wooded hills
The fleecy clouds lie fair and bright,
And murmurings of a thousand rills
Float up amid the silvery light.

Unrippled, in the wild-wood shade,
The river like a mirror lies,
And a low hum of wings hath made
The faint air populous with sighs.

And a rich sound of song is heard
From sweet unhooded girls all day,
And the green forest's echoes, stirred,
Send back the shout of boys at play.

Here could I sit upon the grass,
Where the young locust's shadows lie,
And watch the swift hours as they pass,
'Til twilight deepened in the sky.

Aye, 'til the moon with white horns threw
Her mild light over lovers' bowers,
And the soft eyes of beaded dew
Looked from the trembling lips of flowers.

E'en 'til the stars bend o'er the lake—
At the night's moon—and brightly trace
Themselves in its far depths, and make
A new sky in the water's face.

O, take me not away from these
Dear, musical, and beauteous things;
The odorous wind, the leafy trees,
And the sweet hum of insect wings.

I fain would linger here and sleep,
While o'er my head the night wind grieves
That it must ever onward sweep,
Nor tarry 'mong the sighing leaves.

And let me dream of summer-time,
When joyous hours and friends have flown,
And see the wild-flowers in their prime
When every light of life is gone.

THE MONEY LENDER;

OR,

TOO MANY EGGS IN ONE BASKET.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Will you discount this note for me?"

The question was asked by a merchant, in the office of a private banker, a man of large fortune, who had retired from business, and now used his capital for discounting instead of in trade.

The shrewd money-lender took the note, and after examining the face, handed it back, with a shake of the head, and a very firm compression of his mouth.

"It is A number one," said the merchant, with almost an amused smile, at the severe prudence of the money-lender.

"I have no question as to that," was replied. "If I were in business, I should not hesitate to sell the firm to any reasonable extent."

"Why, then, will you not buy their note?"

A pleasant light came into the money lender's face. He looked shrewd, knowing, and very self-complacent.

"I was in market the other day," said he, "and as I stood buying some fruit at a woman's stall, a man, in going by, was crowded against a basket standing thereon, which fell to the pavement. It was nearly filled with eggs, more than two-thirds of which were broken. 'Ah, my good woman,' said I, 'the old error of too many eggs in one basket. If you had placed them in two or three baskets, instead of one, this general wreck would never have occurred.' In my business, sir," continued the money lender, "I never commit the error of this market-woman. I never place too many eggs in one basket. Do you understand me?"

"I believe so," replied the merchant. "You already have enough of this paper."

"Just as much as I intend buying. When some of it is taken up, I will make room for more. These are fixed laws, sir, that govern me in this business, and I never depart from them."

"Good morning," said the merchant, smiling. "I hope you will never get too many eggs in one basket."

"No fear of that. If a basket is upset, and the eggs in it broken, I shall be able to bear the loss."

The merchant withdrew, and the money lender turned over in his mind the word just spoken, and felt self-complimented at his wise caution. "No—no"—he repeated over and over again. "They cannot tempt me to place too many eggs in one basket. I am too old and prudent for that."

This figure of speech seemed to please the money lender and he used it a number of times during the day, in declining good business paper that was offered.

"Have I put too many eggs in one basket, to-day?" he asked of himself, as he sat alone during the evening that followed, counting up, mentally, his gains, and looking with a feeling of pleasure, at the unusually large aggregate. "Let me see? That last note of L—— & O——'s came very near to a violation of the rule. There are quite enough eggs in that basket. I must not venture another one. But the temptation of two per cent was hardly to be resisted on such paper which all regard as gilt-edged."

It was now over five years since our money-lender withdrew from productive trade, and narrowed down his intellect and his efforts to the simple business of buying paper, which the holders were unable to get done in bank. During that period he had added largely to his wealth; while his desire for accumulation had grown stronger, and manifested itself in a more eager reaching out after, and drawing in of the gold that perishes. As a merchant, he had been liberal, generous, kind-hearted; and all men spoke of him as such. But the work of mere money-getting, outside of any productive use in society, had brought the interiors of his mind into new associations; and his heart was steadily hardening. Every day the circle of his thoughts narrowed itself; every day his heart stooped lower and lower in adoration before the miser's god. Others saw the change—spoke of it, and regretted it. But, as he grew richer and richer, and the worshippers of riches bent to him in flattery, he imagined himself to be growing better.

"Too many eggs in one basket," he repeated to himself, as he sat musing in his luxurious easy chair; never for once thinking of the struggling young merchant, without bank credits, more than two-thirds of whose profits on a sale of five hundred dollars he had clipped off of a six months' note that day; a note as good as any he had bought during the past week.

"Too many eggs in one basket! No—no. I am too shrewd for that!" Drowsily was this murmured, as he laid his head back among the cushions. His next consciousness was in another world. He dreamed that he had passed through the dark portal of eternity, and that to him the judgment from the Book of his Life had come—a judgment that was to reveal his true state, and fix his everlasting habitation with those who loved the neighbor as themselves; or with those who loved and cared only for themselves. He did not find himself in the presence of an august, Divine Judge, but in a large chamber, with translucent walls and ceiling, where were gathered a small assemblage of people, to the centre of which he was led by one who seemed to possess a singular power over him. Here, seated, and a little elevated above the rest, were two beings—one with a countenance of heavenly beauty, and the other with a face the cruel expression of which caused a shudder to go thrilling to his heart. A book lay open before them, and he knew it to be the Book of his Life, wherein were written every purpose of his heart, with every act and deed. The money-lender had come to judgment.

With a hopeful countenance the angel began turning the leaves of the book, upon which both her eyes, and that of the demon, were fixed with an earnest gaze. The period of childhood showed a fair and hopeful record. The tender, merciful, loving impressions made upon the heart of her child by a wise and good mother, who looked forward to a meeting with her son in heaven, were everywhere visible. The budding soil gave a fair promise for the fruit and flower.

Early manhood's record was also full of encouragement. There was an eager looking forward into life, and an earnest will towards success. But, united with this, were generous purposes towards others, and great humanitary schemes to be wrought out for the world's good, when the money-power to work should come within his grasp. There was light and hope in the angel's face, as page after page of the book was turned; while the demon sat dark and scowling.

The middle period showed less fairly, as to the ends of life—and it was into these that the angel and the demon looked most narrowly. The act was never judged of as it stood alone—it was by the motive that its quality was determined.

A gentle sadness began to shadow the angel's beautiful countenance, while dimly seen in the demon's face was the light of triumph. Many acts of benevolence; many words of good counsel to others; many declarations of noble, generous, unselfish purposes were written down; but they were seen as deeds with selfish ends as their prompters, and words that were only from the "teeth outwards." More and more, as wealth rolled into the merchant's coffers, and he gained a higher and higher place in the good opinions of men, did he bury his thoughts in selfish purposes, and put forth his strength for himself alone, as if he were the chiefest thing in God's creation. His name was on subscription papers, for charitable uses, to a large amount; but, when the angel and the demon went behind the record, what did they find? A generous desire to benefit the suffering, or help the weak? Alas, no! They saw, instead, an extorted benevolence, in most instances, done for the eyes of men, and succeeded by a self-complacent gratulation, in the loss of so much of his dearly-loved gains, that "charity covers a multitude of sins!"

Sadder and sadder grew the angel's face; brighter and brighter, with an evil triumph, the face of the demon.

At last came the closing years of life, when the useful merchant sunk down into the eager money-lender. Previous to this, gleams of better purposes would sometimes throw a hopeful warmth over a page, and lighten the saddening angel's face. But the record now had in it little of variation, and no passages of light. Desire moved on in an even current, and thought had free course under the pressure of desire. There was the one desire to get money, and the one thought about the surest means. The face of a man—the form of a man—the step of a man—but quickened his avaricious impulses. He was a great tumor, absorbing the rich blood of trade, and growing larger and larger, as healthy, working organs in the man of society, became weaker from impaired vitality. Gold had become the god before whom he bowed down in daily adoration. He loved nought else; and though, from a lingering desire to appear well in the eyes of his fellow-men, he still performed some apparent good acts; yet, in every such act there was the effort to compass a worldly advantage, that marred the record in his book of life. Thus, for instance, he had given liberally to the erection of churches, but, only when they were to be located near his property, the value of which would be improved thereby far beyond the sum of his subscription.

As the last page of the book was turned, the angel breathed a deep sigh and faded from the money-lender's vision!

"Too many eggs in one basket!" said the demon, in a voice of triumph, as he bent his malignant face so close that his hot breath almost suffocated the terrified money-lender, who started into wakeful life as he felt himself clutched by the demon's vice-like hands. Some moments passed before his wildly-throbbing heart calmed itself down to its wonted even pulsations.

"Only a dream—a foolish dream!" he said to himself, as he vainly tried to rise above the depressed state of feeling which the mercifully sent vision had left behind.

But conscience told him that it was more than a dream, and that, while in all worldly prudence he was wisely careful not to get too many eggs in a single basket; in matters of eternal interest, he had one basket only, and in that the price of his soul was resting. He shuddered as the thought fixed his mind, and overwhelmed all his convictions.

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what will a man give in exchange for his soul!"

It seemed like the voice of his mother, speaking back to him from the years of childhood.

"God help me!" he said, with a shudder. "I am not in the right path!"

Did he go back to his eager money-getting and money-lending? We know not. The dream was sent in mercy, and let us hope that it wrought upon him its high and holy mission.

A "SMALL MATTER."

A lady who has paid some attention to small matters, says she always watches with much interest the ingress and egress of husbands and wives to and from the dining and drawing-rooms of fashionable hotels. "If,' said she, "the wives enter and depart a little in advance of their husbands, be sure they wear the 'Oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems.' If, on the contrary, the husbands take the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in everything else." This idea to us is perfectly original, and we shall be somewhat particular hereafter, in satisfying ourselves of the truth of such significant signs. And we shall take care to lead off, too!

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—We betray a profound knowledge of the world, by withdrawing from it when misfortune assails us.

IGNORANCE OF GIRLS: ITS EVILS.

The extreme ignorance of the generality of young women is the chief cause of their being troubled with nervous diseases, and of their not knowing how to employ themselves innocently. When they are brought up without solid information, they cannot be expected to have any inclination or taste for study. Everything serious appears dull—everything that requires attention fatigues them. The thirst after pleasure, so natural to youth, and the example of persons of their own age who are plunged in dissipation, contribute to make them dread a quiet domestic life. In early youth their want of experience renders them unfit to direct their father's family, and they are not even aware of the necessity of acquiring this kind of knowledge, unless their mothers have taken particular care to call their attention to it. In high life young women are not obliged to devote their time to needle-work, and they spend some hours a day at their needle, merely because they are told, without knowing why, that it is right for women to work: but very often their work is mere show, and they seldom apply to it with much diligence. What then is to be done? For want of solid information their time must be occupied with trifles: for want of employment a young woman becomes indolent, nervous, and low-spirited: she accustoms herself to sleep longer than is necessary to health; and this long sleep weakens her and renders her subject to frequent indispositions; whereas by moderate sleep and regular exercise we become lively, strong, and active; qualities highly beneficial to health, not to mention the mental advantages they procure.

This indolent indulgence joined to extreme ignorance, produces a pernicious taste for shows and public amusements, and excites a dangerous and insatiable curiosity. *Well-informed women occupied by serious studies, generally possess but a moderate degree of curiosity.* What they already know leads them to despise many things of which they are ignorant, and they see the insignificance and folly of most of those pursuits, for which little minds, that know nothing and have nothing to do, are so eager. On the contrary, young women who are ignorant and thoughtless always possess a diseased imagination. *They* are unfit to perform the active duties of life.

A VERY COMMON ERROR.

One very common error of parents, by which they hurt the constitutions of their children, is the sending them too young to school. This is often solely done to prevent trouble. When the child is at school he needs no keeper. Thus the school-master is made the nurse, and the poor child is fixed to a seat seven or eight hours a day, which time ought to be spent in exercise and diversions. Sitting so long cannot fail to produce the worst effects upon the body, nor is the mind less injured. Early application weakens the faculties, and often fixes in the mind an aversion to books, which continues for life. It is undoubtedly the duty of parents to instruct their children, at least till they are of an age proper to take some care of themselves. This would tend much to confirm the ties of parental tenderness and filial affection, of the want of which there are at present so many deplorable instances.

But suppose the way to make children scholars was to send them to school early, it certainly ought not to be done at the expense of the constitution. Our ancestors, who seldom went to school very young, were not less learned than we. But we imagine the boy's education will be quite marred unless he be carried to school in his nurse's arms. No wonder if such hot-bed plants seldom become either scholars or men. Not only the confinement of children in public schools, but their number often proves hurtful. Children are much injured by being kept in crowds within doors; their breathing not only renders the place unwholesome, but if any one of them happens to be diseased, the rest catch the infection.

But, if fashion must prevail, and infants are to be sent to school, we would recommend it to teachers, as they value the interests of society, not to confine them too long at a time, but allow them to run about and play at such diversions as may promote their growth and strengthen their constitution. Were boys, instead of being whipped for stealing an hour to run, ride, swim, or the like, encouraged to employ a proper part of their time in these manly and useful exercises, it would have many excellent effects.

AN ABSURD PRACTICE.

The usual way of teaching boys rhetoric is very absurd. What extravagant folly to exercise them in the art of speaking without their having anything to say; to endeavor to make them feel, while seated on their forms at school, the language of the passions, and all the energy of the art of persuasion, when no one is present whom they are interested to convince or persuade. All the rules of rhetoric appear to us to be mere nonsense to those who do not use them for some specific object. What is the advantage of a scholar's merely knowing how Hannibal addressed his soldiers when he persuaded them to pass the Alps? If, instead of these pompous harangues, you would tell him what language to use when he wished his tutor to grant him a holiday, he would be more attentive to your instructions.

Children have little or no expression or energy in the tone of their voice, and a pupil's manner of speaking will be still more uniform and simple; because, his passions not yet being awakened, they will not unite their language with his own and give energy to his expressions. Do not, then, teach children to recite speeches out of plays, do not let them declaim. A pupil should have too much good sense to be able to give a proper emphasis to things he cannot understand, or to affect to feel sentiments of which perhaps he will never approve; and you should only teach him to speak with a clear smooth voice, to articulate well, to pronounce correctly, but without affectation, to know and follow the rules of grammar and prosody, to speak loud enough to be understood, but never to exalt his voice more than may be necessary.

ON TEACHING CHILDREN TO PRAY.

When you explain to a child the use of prayer, tell him God commands us to pray to him, not because he is ignorant of our wants, but because he would have us accustomed to offer up our petitions as an acknowledgment of our dependence upon him; so that it is the true humility of our hearts, the full conviction of our weakness, and our entire reliance on his goodness, that he requires of us. These petitions, which he orders us to make, only consist of our intentions and desires, as there is no occasion for words in our communications with the Divinity. Some people repeat a great many words and never pray at all; others pray inwardly without uttering a syllable. Words and forms of prayer may nevertheless be very useful, as they may excite in us the thoughts and sentiments they express, provided we are attentive, and for this reason our Saviour has given us a form of prayer which should be preferred to all others.

SENT WITH A ROSE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Oh, take my rose, 'tis a lovely flower,
And 'twas plucked in the morning's earliest hour,
When a dew-drop lay at its heart of pearl
Like a dream in the breast of a sleeping girl.

Oh, press my rose at thy own sweet home,
Between the leaves of thy favorite tome;
Then keep it ever, for it will be
A token of love from my heart to thee.

There's a rose, dear lady, upon thy cheek,
Oh, fairer and brighter than words can speak;
But treasure this precept within thy breast,
By none, save me, must *that* rose be pressed.

◆

LUCY COOK.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

She had a pretty, innocent, baby face, and her name was Lucy. She had grey eyes, but they were beautiful with the light of a sweet and gentle spirit. It was strange that no one took any interest in the poor young office-girl; certainly, she was most interesting, if they would but have seen it.

It was a great pity that no one loved her; for, though she was a forlorn little maiden, she had a true and loving heart. All womanly affections stood listening and longing to hear a knock at the door of their pure dwelling, that they might welcome in with joy something to hold dear and sacred.

But there came no knock; and Lucy toiled on, week after week, sadly, wearily, and her cheek grew pale, and her eyes were more seldom lifted from her work; and from morning until night not a sound of her voice was heard.

That pleasant-toned voice, which once had been musical with mirth and laughter—oh! poor Lucy! those days had gone, with the mother whose love had been their sunshine and their dew.

And the cottage home had gone, and the cow, and the meek-faced sheep, that Lucy had loved so well; and the pretty flower-garden, and the little orchard, and all the green, tree-covered hills, and the singing brook, and the yellow-waved river, and the health-giving air, and the songs of the woodland birds,—all, all had departed with the magic days of childhood; and the world now had for Lucy only a basement shelter, shared with a morose and irritable father; and that dingy office, with its eternal pens and ink, and its everlasting write, write, writing. How had the life of the young girl darkened; and upon the clouds that overhung her, not a rainbow could be seen. She had written so long that her fingers required but little aid from her thoughts to enable them to perform with speed and accuracy their duty; and therefore, as she wrote, she thought of things foreign to that office and its work:

"How pleasant it must be to-day out among the hills, by my old home; I can see just how the sunshine lies all about upon the fields and on the water; and I know how soft and sweet the air is blowing among the trees and over the flowers. I wonder if the roses are yet blossoming on dear mother's grave!—I wish I could go and see. Oh! how I wish I *could* go and sit a little while by that grave, and gather some of the flowers that are growing there. It seems to me as if my heart would get lighter, and that my head would not feel so dull and heavy, if I could be out there for an hour. Oh, me! who would suppose that this is I? I hardly know myself, I am so changed. What a dreadful thing it is to have no mother, and no one to love you. I wish my father was fonder of me; I wonder why he is not; I am his only child, and I am motherless, why don't he love and pity me? Oh! I wish, I wish he would. It would not seem so miserable to work all day inside of these stone walls, and among all these hard-hearted people, if, when night comes, I could go home to the arms of a loving father. I'm sure I have tried to be a good girl, and to obey him; and I love my father —*why* is it that he cares no more for his poor girl? This paper says some people are destitute of all power to attract love—perhaps I am one of that kind. I think I must be, for nobody seems to care anything about me, or even to notice me, except to tell me how to do my work; but my dear mother loved me dearly; and I know the cows loved me, and the sheep—but even they are gone now. I'm sure it would be a great comfort to have my beautiful pet lamb to talk to, and to have him lean his pretty head up against me, so loving, just as he used to when I was at home; but he is dead now —murdered by the butchers to whom father sold him, in spite of all my cries and tears. Oh, dear! men are *so* cruel! and *life* is cruel. I wish I was at rest in my mother's grave!"

Such thoughts as these were the daily companions of Lucy, as she sat writing by the sunless window of the dingy office. No one was harsh with her; there was no reason, for she was always at her post, and her work was faithfully performed.

For two whole years she had entered at morning and gone out at eve unnoticed,—almost unseen,— after the first week of her being there. And probably she might have continued thus to come and go during the whole natural life of her employer, with never a word from him, except on Saturday nights, when he always paid her the four dollars for which she was writing her very life away, and which had to be given to her father as fast as it was earned.

Once, on hearing accidentally that one of the young men in the office, who was doing exactly the same kind of work that she was doing, only not half so well or rapidly, was receiving almost three times the weekly pay that *she* got, Lucy ventured, with blushing face and frightened tones, to say that she thought *she* ought to have more wages. But the rebuke which met her boldness forever silenced her on the subject.

"You must remember, miss, that *you are a girl*, (unfortunate creature!) and that *girls* do not usually get over three or three and a half dollars per week for the work *they* do. You are very fortunate to receive four dollars."

Poor Lucy might at that very time have had at other places six or seven dollars for her services; and that her hard old employer knew well; but he silenced his conscience by saying to it—"In the first place her lazy, good-for-nothing father would get it all away from her; and in the second, there are few offices in New York where a young thing like Lucy would not be subjected to dangers which here she has no need to fear. On the whole, she is better off now than most poor girls."

But there came a day on which Lucy was missing from her seat. The window looked desolate enough without her. Perhaps—*probably*, her employer had no such reflection as that; but there was work to be done, and he must know why the girl was absent. A boy was sent to her lodgings. He was soon back to report to Mr. Burke, the publisher, that Lucy's father was dying.

"That's a good thing for her, certainly," was the comment of the publisher.

Now some men are far worse than Mr. Burke was. He had no *intentions* of injuring any one—nor had he, to say further, much idea of troubling himself to do them good; but he *did* take the pains to go, the next morning, to Lucy's boarding-house, and see for himself how things stood.

He found her father in his coffin; and Lucy, nearly dead with grief, sitting alone at his side.

Mr. Burke told the distressed girl that she might draw on the office for all the money that she needed; and pay the debt as she best could.

"Shall you still remain here to board?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I've no where else to go; and the people seem kind and good."

"Very well—you will do no better than to stay. I approve of a contented spirit. Well, good day, Lucy. I suppose you will be ready to return to your labors in a day or two."

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, chokingly; and then she bowed her head once more upon her father's coffin.

That cold, stiff form of clay was all that there was in the world that was *hers*. He had never made much of her; but, after all, he was more to *her* than he was to anybody else—he was her own father, and there was *some* strength in the thought of *having a father* —now even *that* strength was taken away; and Lucy felt despairingly thather life was lying prostrate, without one single reed about which even its smallest tendrils might creep for support. It *is* a mystery why such desolation does not bring angels to comfort the poor heart that feels it. How *can* they—if they be indeed about us—look on such suffering and "make no sign?"

But no whisper came. No one said to the sad orphan—"Look upward, child, there is a home prepared for thee in His mansion, who is better to thee than father or mother, and more to thee than any friend of earth can ever be. Give thy poor, broken, bleeding, hopeless heart to God, and He will wash it in blood for healing, and make it strong and pure and full of hope; and "as one *whom her mother* comforteth, so *the Lord* will comfort *thee*." And Lucy, in her dumb and heavy sorrow, never thought of the things to come. She had a wretched and depressing sense of being a sinner, and that she deserved all the trouble that the Lord chose to send upon her; and that she must not dare to murmur at His will. This was all that she felt, or *knew how* to feel, in this regard. Poor, friendless Lucy!

Well, in a few days she was again at her seat by the office window. A new partner had entered the firm during her absence. He seemed to regard her with surprise as she took her accustomed place; and she thought he asked Mr. Burke who she was. She heard her name mentioned several times, and afterwards noticed that the eyes of the strange gentleman were often upon her.

Now that her father was no longer able to take away her earnings, Mr. Burke might have thought it right to increase her wages; but he did not until the proposal was made by his partner. Then he consented to do so.

Mr. Chase, the new partner, manifested a great interest in the pale, young scribe who sat alone by that narrow window. He soon learned where she lived, and many were the acts of kindness which he performed for her. Finding that she loved to read, he lent and gave her books almost without number. He asked her in a week more questions about herself and her former home, than had ever before been asked. He encouraged her to tell him all her thoughts and feelings; and seemed to take real pleasure in saying or doing anything to make her happy. It is needless to say that for Lucy, the sun had arisen in that dingy office; even the very type boxes and cobwebs were gilded with its rays. The days no longer dragged wearily—work no longer lacked interest—life no longer seemed void of hope or joy. In one sense Lucy had been "born anew."

The months passed on; and by and bye Mr. Burke began to look through his spectacles at the two who talked by the narrow window. Such a look as he now saw on the face of Lucy he never remembered to have seen before the advent of Chase. And the tones and manner of his handsome partner were full of a meaning which he did not at all like. He watched silently for a week or so, and then, one day, he said to Lucy—

"I think it only a kindness to you, Lucy, for me to tell you that Mr. Chase is engaged, and shortly to be married, to a young lady of great wealth and beauty; and that *you* must *beware* of him."

The look that Lucy lifted to the face of her employer was an epitome of wo. It stirred even his slow pity.

"You are not going to faint, are you?" he said, in alarm, seeing the deadly hue that overspread her features.

"No, sir—I shall not faint. I thank you for what you have said," she spoke with great effort, and then added, "I must go home."

"Well, I guess you had better go; and you needn't mind about being here to-morrow, if you'd rather not," he said, kindly.

"Thank you, sir; good night," and Lucy went out. She walked with rapid steps to the hotel where Chase boarded; and when he came in she was crouching upon the floor of his room.

"Why, Lucy!" he cried, in astonishment, "why are you here?" Then, seeing the anguish pictured upon her face, he went and lifted her up, and led her to a chair, while his own face grew every moment paler. Evidently he feared something.

"Dear Lucy," he said, in agitated tones, "what *has* taken place to throw you into such a state as this? Tell me your trouble. Why should you not?"

"Why, indeed?" echoed Lucy. "Tell me but one thing, Percy, and tell me truly, I charge you, as before God. Have you all this time been deceiving me? Have I trusted myself to the power of a false villain? Answer, answer me. Are you going to marry a rich and beautiful lady, and forsake me? Me! when I trusted in you more than I ever did in Him who made me."

"My darling Lucy, no riches and no beauty shall ever cause me to forsake *you*."

Chase spoke with considerable feeling; and a gleam of hope shot over the face of the girl, as he drew her towards him.

"And you are not going to be married to another?" she said, yet half doubtfully. "Mr. Burke told me you was, and very soon."

"Burke!" ejaculated Chase. "He had better mind his own business—but I see how it is—the confounded old mule! he *said* he meant to tell you. It will have to come out, Lucy; and I may as well tell you first as last. Yes, my dear child, I shall next week become a married man; but it shall make no difference in my feelings or conduct towards you. I am, as I desire you always to consider me, *your best friend*, Lucy; and all that is in my power to do for your happiness, I shall be ready and glad to do; for I love you better than I ever loved anything on earth."

Lucy started from his arms, and crying out, in anguish,—

"Lost! lost! lost!" ran quickly from his presence.

That evening, as the sun went down, Mr. Burke sat reading his paper in one of the South Ferry boats. Suddenly there was a sound of confusion, the boat stopped, and all wondered what was the matter.

"A man has fallen overboard," said a passenger.

"No," said one of the boat hands, "it was a young woman that jumped off, and one of our men has jumped after her to try and save her."

Ropes were thrown over, and in a few minutes the sturdy boatman struggled upon the deck with his burden.

People crowded round to look. There chanced to be an old physician on board, and he ordered all to stand back, that, if the girl had life still in her, she might have a fair chance to recover.

As he was engaged in efforts to restore her, Mr. Burke drew near.

"Merciful powers!" cried, he struck with horror. "It is poor Lucy!"

"Do you know the young woman? She is quite dead," said the doctor.

"She has been employed in my office for nearly three years," said Burke, with emotion, "and a better or more faithful girl never lived."

"What was the cause of *this*, then?" inquired the doctor, sternly.

"I fear that no one can answer that question so well as my partner, Percy Chase."

"Percy Chase!" echoed the doctor, in a singular tone. He said nothing further.

When Mr. Chase reached the office, at nine o'clock the next morning, the seat by the narrow window was vacant. *He* felt how lonesome the window looked with that empty chair just beneath it.

"Wonder where Lucy is?" he said to Burke, who, with compressed lips, stood at his desk, apparently busy at his figures.

"I'll show you—come along!" said Burke, starting with a jerking, unpleasant motion for the door. "Come along, I say," he repeated, with his hand on the door-knob, and turning, with a desperate frown, to Chase.

"What do you mean by such conduct? Are you mad, Burke?" asked the astonished Chase.

"Will you come? Lucy wants to see you," was the only reply; and Chase followed to Lucy's boarding-house. They entered without ringing, and went at once to Lucy's room.

"There she lies!" said Mr. Burke, pointing to a shrouded form lying before them. "She drowned herself by jumping from one of the South Ferry boats, as I was crossing last night. I presume *you are aware* of the cause of the act. I'll leave you to the contemplation of your work."

Chase's punishment was sudden and heavy, but it did not end here; for the physician of the ferry-boat was *the father of his intended bride*; and that high-spirited and noble beauty, when she had heard the tale of Lucy's wrongs, scorned to give her hand to the man who had proved himself capable of such base conduct; and Chase, the betrayer of love, lost both the woman that he loved, and the woman that he had thought to marry. Thus sometimes, even in this world, men do reap bitter fruits from wrong-doing.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Christabelle wants to know if it is *really* a fact that "beauty when unadorned 's adorned the most?" or whether that declaration is simply a bit of poetical nonsense? We are inclined to think it is "poetical nonsense." There are certain styles of beauty which are best set off by chaste and simple toilets; but *in all cases*, art must be the handmaid of nature, in order that beauty may be given its full effect. The paragon of rustic beauties would be rendered lovelier still by an *appropriate* toilet and dress accomplished under the highest inspirations of a thoroughly tasteful costumer. The loveliness of an intrinsically beautiful thing is always enhanced by its harmonious connexion and arrangement with other beautiful things. When adornments are appropriate and congruous, they are certain to add to the attractiveness of the object adorned; otherwise, they will *detract* from its beauty.

Curiosity.—The Count Allesandro de Caglinstro was a famous wizzard, quack, juggler, humbug and impostor-general who flourished near the close of the last century. He was born in the town of Palermo in Sicily, and his real name was Giuseppe Balsamo. He was an ignorant, cunning, lying, cheating, beastly, brutal villain; and yet, by his impudence, and *his faith in the ignorance and weakness of mankind*, he was enabled to count his dupes by the thousand; to ride from country to country, and capital to capital, in his coach-and-six, with six outriders in gorgeous liveries, and trains of baggage—faring sumptuously and lodging with princes. He died a State prisoner in Rome, after a tedious confinement of several years duration.

Neptune and Rusty.—By reading the Ledger of March 14th, you will find all the information necessary concerning the Naval School at Annapolis, Maryland.

A Cheated Man.—Your ethics and equity are both wrong. Because you have been cheated, you should not arrogate to yourself the right to cheat others. We know it is very unpleasant for a poor man to pay out his hard-earned money to satisfy debts incurred by others, and from which he has never received the slightest benefit; but your word having been pledged, and the swindler trusted on the strength of your guaranty, you ought to pay the demand. Surely you would not *forfeit your word* for any amount of money! If you would, then acknowledge it boldly, and go through the world with the consciousness that you are a villain. It is useless to quibble, and dodge, and vacillate, and sneak around in such matters. You know what is right and you know what is wrong, but have not the courage to do either.

L. J. R.—It is hard to submit to a public insult, without resenting it; but we never yet knew a man to regret, in after years, that he behaved with quiet dignity under such circumstances, and left the violator of decency to the contempt which his conduct merited. You may rest assured, that the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount is the wisest as well as the divinest on record.

J. G. M.—You should be cautious about receiving presents from gentlemen. A girl who grabs at everything offered to her, soon loses the respect of those whose esteem is worth the most; and even the givers soon learn to look upon her with contempt.

L. C. E.—A postmaster has no right to open letters "to see what they contain;" but he has a right to open packages of books, newspapers, &c., in which there is a chance to smuggle matter subject to letter postage.

S. de L.—You had better remain quiet and let matters develope themselves.

A Father.—Your wife is right in insisting that your children should have regular religious instruction. The first thing a Christian should inculcate upon his child, as soon as he is capable of receiving such impressions, is the knowledge of his Maker, and a steady principle of obedience to him—the idea of his being under the constant inspection and government of an invisible Being, who will raise him from the dead to immortal life, and who will reward and punish him hereafter, according to his character and actions here. On these plain principles, we hesitate not to assert that, among Christians, *religion* should be the first rational object of education. Whatever be the fate of a man's children in this world—about which he should be prudently solicitous—he should strive to secure a happy meeting with them in a future and everlasting life. He could well enough bear their reproaches for not enabling them to attain to worldly honors and distinctions; but to have been in any measure accessory, by his neglect, to their final perdition, would be the occasion of such reproach and blame as would be absolutely insupportable.

S. M. G.—There is much diversity in the average longevity of animals. The bear rarely exceeds twenty years. The dog lives twenty years; the fox fifteen; the lion sixty-five; the cat fourteen; the squirrel, hare and rabbit seven; the rhinosceros twenty; the elephant four hundred and fifty; the whale eight hundred; the pig thirty; the horse thirty—but has been known to reach the age of sixty-two; the camel seventy—but sometimes reaches a hundred; the stag sixty; the sheep ten; the cow fifteen; the dolphin and porpoise one hundred; the raven from fifty to a hundred; the swan from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and sixty; the tortoise one hundred; man seventy.

A Boarding-School Girl.—Your teacher is right, and you are wrong. The rules of a school should be obeyed, and if pupils are refractory they ought to be coerced into obedience, without regard to age, sex, or condition. The reasons you assign why you should have had more indulgence extended to you, simply prove that you, of all the girls in the school, should have been the last to set its regulations at defiance. A girl of your age, who is wealthy, and "has everything her heart can wish for," ought surely to set a noble example to less-favored mortals. We shall be gratified to learn that you have voluntarily returned, or been summarily reduced, to proper obedience.

Kentucky.—You should write the business letters according to your uncle's dictation. If he says he is in want of the money, you have no right to suppose it is pretence on his part, although you know there is a large cash balance on hand. Your uncle may have uses for more money than he has, and for all he can raise, which you know nothing about. As for the other matters you mention, you should obey the dictates of your conscience, and always avoid doing any thing the righteousness of which you doubt.

Maria.—Women should not confine their attention to dress to their public appearance. They should accustom themselves to a habitual neatness, so that in the most careless undress, in their most unguarded hours, they may have no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. They will not easily believe how much men consider their dress as expressive of their characters: vanity, levity, slovenliness, folly, appear through it. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy. You should, therefore, be more careful in future.

A Widow.—Conscience is a guide little to be depended on, unless accompanied by religion. Teach your boy religious sentiments; persuade him that every moment of his life the Divine being sees and hears him: impress his mind with this sublime and important principle; set him an example of piety; make him admire the works of God, the heavens, the earth, the verdure with which it is clothed, and you will thereby do more for him than if you were to leave him a fortune of millions of dollars.

Grace.—Your education can *not* be "too thorough." The more accurate and extensive your knowledge of *all* subjects, the better. Inasmuch, however, as a girl cannot find time to study every language and science in the world, she must *make a selection* from among them all; and the making of this selection is a matter of very great importance, and the test point of a teacher's excellence. The main objects of life are usefulness and happiness; so you should pursue such studies as will best enable you to be most useful and happy.

A Music Teacher.—It is easy to find out if young persons have a taste for music. If they have, do not suffer it to lie dormant; but should nature have been economical to them in this respect, persuade them to be silent, and not feign raptures they do not feel; for nothing can be more ridiculous. A person must have sense, taste, and sensibility, to render their music interesting. The nimble dance of the fingers may raise wonder, but not delight.

A School Boy.—It is of great importance for every one to speak and write their own language, correctly and elegantly. In order to do this, young people should get a habitual but unaffected purity, correctness and elegance of style in their common conversation; they should seek for the best words, and take care to reject improper, inexpressive, and vulgar ones.

A Young Mother.—All parents who are anxious for the happiness of their family, or desirous to improve the art of education, will feel it to be their duty to look over every page of a newspaper or book, before it is trusted to their children; they should carefully ascertain the moral character of the publication, and this can be done only by reading it themselves.

Ida.—It is an old proverb that "love is blind;" and among boys and girls under twenty-one the truth of the proverb is constantly exemplified. We are surprised that a young lady seeming so intelligent, should be duped. All you can now do is what you should have done before, namely: take your mother into your confidence.

Nancy W.—The "Nation" newspaper, to which you refer, was suspended many weeks ago, and we have not heard that any attempts have been made to resuscitate it. It is not probable that your subscription money will be refunded *immediately*.

Brooklyn Boy.—It was very wrong in you and the other boys to ill-treat the drunkard in the way you describe. None but savages could enjoy such "fun" as that. It is a great pity he did not get hold of and punish some of you for your wickedness.

Bucephalus.—You are quite mistaken, and your friend is right. It is not an unusual thing for a horse to fetch six hundred dollars in this market, and twice that sum is sometimes paid for a tip-top animal.

W. B. G.—When the roots of the hair have been destroyed, it is useless to attempt to restore them. In such a case, what harm would there be in wearing a wig?

A Constant Reader.—Potash, dissolved in water, makes an excellent detergent for cleaning brass articles of furniture.

A Mother.—There are several parties in the United States who publish works on phrenology; but we do not know of any work in the country on that subject that we could conscientiously recommend the head of a family to place within the reach of his children. There are some good things in phrenology, and many excellent men believe in it; but, unfortunately, in this country, it has, in too many cases, fallen into the hands of charlatans and sharpers, who make a catch-penny affair of it. Do not for a moment think of permitting your daughter to enter the place you refer to, even if she is promised a small salary. You say she is "good-looking." Did it never occur to you that that is the secret of the offer? You should not have allowed her to read, at her tender age, the phrenological work you mention. It is unfit to be admitted into any respectable family. Phrenology, it is well known, is frequently used as a cloak for the promulgation of sentiments that are lewd and loathsome; and infidelity and skepticism run riot in nearly every work on the subject. It has been a fruitful source of evil. So far as we know, almost every man who has lectured on the subject in this country, is an avowed infidel, and covertly derides the Bible. We might give the names of some of the men who have fattened on the profits of this disreputable and libidinous business, and who are now looked upon as respectable men by those who do not know their true character. But we forbear, for, as a well-known author says—

"The best and surest method of advice
Should spare the person, tho' it brand the vice."

Estelle Montressor requests us to define *love*, to tell how it originates, and to explain the difference between it and *affection* and *friendship*. This is rather a difficult thing to do in a brief "answer," but we will try to gratify our intelligent correspondent. *Love* signifies the state of holding a person dear; *affection* denotes the state of being kindly *affected* towards a person; *friendship* is an attachment for an intimate companion, approved by our understanding, and formed by time, by circumstances, by congruity of character and by sympathy of sentiment. Love originates in caprice, in an impalpable impulse; but friendship is the product of experience and conviction. Love is, therefore, often capricious, selfish, inconstant, unjust and ungenerous; but friendship is more steady, enduring, and trustworthy. In fact, love, though never so wildly passionate and devoted, is always selfish; hence, when it cannot have the exclusive devotion and possession of its object it turns first to jealousy and then to hatred; while, on the other hand, possession often induces satiety and ends in disgust. In some cases love is the origin of the most frightful evils; there is nothing more atrocious than what has owed its origin to slighted love. A celebrated moralist says that marriage may begin in love, but it ought to terminate in friendship and affection, inasmuch as the latter are more even, safe, reliable, enduring and charitable.

Lover of Literature.—Shakspeare is placed at the head of English poets, by acclamation; but it is a difficult matter to say who is entitled to the second place. Some give that rank to Milton; some claim it for Dryden; others for Pope; others for Burns; and some for Byron. It probably lies between Milton and Burns. You must remember that the greatest poet is not the man of the greatest intellect and reasoning powers, but he who is most in sympathy with Nature, and can express her eternal truths in the fittest and most electric manner. The poetry of the true poet gushes from him like a spring from the mountain's bosom, while that of the intellectual rhymer is *forced* out by various contrivances. In the poetry of the former, the melody is like the music of a murmuring brook or the grand diapason of the resounding sea; the poetry of the latter is very accurate and admirably elaborated, but a fine nature always detects in it the creak of the pump-handle by which it was forced from its depths.

Stony Point.—You should always remember that there are at least two sides to everything, and that other people have feelings and rights which are just as precious to them as yours are to you, when you are tempted to quarrel, and to cherish hatred towards those whom you believe to have ill-used you. When people once get at variance, they misinterpret whatever is said or done on either side, and see in one another the grossest injustice in every respect. This quarrelling is a poor and contemptible business, and a decent man should be ashamed to be caught at it. Here we are, a miserable castaway crew of mankind, wandering through infinite space in this poor old life-boat of a world, and, instead of trying to cheer each other in our trials, we set to and bicker and quarrel in a manner which would disgrace Kilkenny cats. Faugh! go and "make up" with your old friends at once, and don't be a querulous fool any longer.

Samuel.—You had better stick to your present business, though the profits are now small. When a man has a business well grounded, he can soon make it pay handsomely by proper attention, economy and energy; but if he continually changes from one thing to another, he will never reap the reward of his labors. As for going West, we suppose you might as well go as stay; and you might as well stay as go. If you belong to the "discontented class," who always think any business is better than theirs, and any place better than the one they happen to be honoring with their residence, it matters not where you go or where you stay, inasmuch as such people never amount to anything anywhere.

J. D. M.—Let your boys amuse and interest themselves with horses as much as they please. It will ennoble them and make them more manly. There are certain important qualities of boy-nature which nothing but the care and management of horses can properly develope. A celebrated writer on education says: "Every academy should have a stable attached to it, containing a number of good horses, for the boys to take care of, and ride and drive, under proper regulations." We think this doctrine is correct; and even in the education of girls, we think the piano should divide its time with a pony.

Macbeth.—We have many times advised boys and girls *not* to "go on the stage," but have never in any manner encouraged them to embrace the histrionic profession. It would be an act of folly, in whatever light it might be viewed, for a respectable young man or woman to enter the theatrical profession. It is not reputable; its members are poorly paid; its duties are irksome; its temptations almost if not quite irresistible; and the old age of an actor is apt to be a long-drawn scene of poverty.

R. B. S.—We cannot undertake to give you a course in English composition and rhetoric. One thing, however, we will say: you use altogether too many words, and pick out too many polysyllables. Sidney Smith's rule for "great writing" would suit you, namely: "go over your articles and erase every other word." The reverend wit says that that always improved his writings very much, and it certainly would not hurt yours.

Barbara Brande.—Do not put any faith in a man who will counsel you to deceive your mother. Such a man must be a villain or a fool, neither of which can be trusted. Your mother is your best adviser, and to her you should at once tell the whole story. Until girls become sufficiently virtuous to despise and at once cast off forever anybody who insults them with improper proposals, there will always be unfortunate women hastening to the outcast's doom.

Radcliffe.—What is the use of scolding? What advantage is there in getting angry with your opponent? You profess to be desirous only of eliciting the truth; but men don't get angry for the truth's sake. When a debator gets mad he is no longer arguing for the truth, but for himself—to defend his own vanity or conceit. Keep your temper, if you would win your cause.

Camille.—Of course, a man ought to return her daguerreotype to a pretty girl, when she asks him to do so. But men are so ungallant, nowadays, that, in too many cases, they pay no regard to anything except their own selfish wishes. As for "*his*" daguerreotype, you had better punish him by selling it, and handing over the proceeds to a foundling hospital.

Deborah.—There is no reason that we know of why a farmer's daughter should not acquire a liberal education. It seems that you have plenty of leisure time, and if you will spend it in earnest and judicious study, you will soon perceive the good effects of it.

John Jones.—You are not *legally* responsible for the price of the horse, although you are morally bound to pay the seller, as you say you verbally agreed to do so, if your friend should not pay up according to the stipulation.

David M.—Brimstone is derived from the Saxon *bryne*, combustion, and stone. It means *burn-stone*, or *burning-stone*. You will know all about it one of these days, perhaps.

Elizabeth.—"A soft answer turneth away wrath." Remember this, and act according to its spirit, and the troubles you complain of will soon pass away never to return.

F. L. W.—No matter what business you follow, you will have to work hard in order to be successful. It is an old proverb that, "one cannot *eat* his cake and *keep* it, too."

B. M. T.—You did right in exposing the offender. No man has any business to let iniquity, of which he is unmistakably cognizant, pass unrebuked or undetected.

Cynros.—The lady has treated you as you deserve. She ought never to speak to you again, unless you make an ample apology for your rudeness.

John.—Women who, as girls, "were gay, giddy and thoughtless," often make the most staid, affectionate and devoted wives.

Amanuensis.—You could probably get a berth on board some ship bound to a foreign port. Apply to some shipping master.

N. W. H.—We do not understand you. You will have to put your question in a clearer manner.

Cadet, New York.—The girl is flirting with you. Don't let her humbug you any longer.

Karmel.—John Adams died on the Fourth of July, 1826. Jefferson also died on the same Fourth of July.

Child.—No. The children of a widow retain their own father's sirname, when their mother marries a second time.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*